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THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXIV.

THE VOICE OF "THE HOOLIGAN."

As the years advance which "bring the philosophic mind," or at least the mind which we fondly flatter ourselves is philosophic—in other words, as men of thought and feeling approach the latter end of their pilgrimage, there is a tendency among them to underreckon the advance which the world has made in the course of their experience, and to discover in the far-off days of their youth a light which has almost ceased to shine on earthly things. *Laudatores temporis acti*, they look askance at all the results of Progress, and assert, more or less emphatically, that men were wiser and better when they themselves were young. They forget, of course, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the very splendor in which the world once appeared came rather from within than from without; and, forgetting this, they do scant justice to the achievements of later generations. A little sober reflection, nevertheless, may convince them that the world *does* advance, though perhaps not so surely and satisfactorily as they would wish to believe; and that, even if there is some occasional retrogression, inevitable under the conditions of human development, it is only after all temporary and due to causes which are inherent in our imperfect human nature. From time

to time, however, the momentum towards a higher and more spiritual Ideal seems suspended altogether, and we appear to be swept centuries back, by a great back-wave, as it were, in the direction of absolute Barbarism.

Such a back-wave, it appears to me, has been at work during the last few decades, and the accompanying phenomena, in Public Life, in Religion, in Literature, have been extraordinary enough to fill even a fairly philosophical mind with something like despair. Closer contemplation and profounder meditation, however, may prove that in all possibility the retrogression is less real than superficial, that the advance forward of our civilization has only been hampered, not absolutely and finally hindered, and that in due time we may become stronger and wiser through the very lessons hardly learned during the painful period of delay.

It would be quite beyond the scope of the present article to point out in detail the divers ways in which modern Society, in England particularly, has drifted little by little, and day by day, away from those humanitarian traditions which appeared to open up to men in the time of my own boyhood the prospect of a new Heaven and a new Earth. At that time the influence of

the great leaders of modern thought was still felt, both in politics and in literature; the gospel of humanity, as expressed in the language of poets like Wordsworth and Shelley, and in the deeds of men like Wilberforce and Mazzini, had purified the very air men breathed; and down lower, in the humbler spheres of duty and human endeavor, humanists like Dickens were translating the results of religious aspiration into such simple and happy speech as even the lowliest of students could understand. It was a time of immense activity in all departments, but its chief characteristic, perhaps, was the almost universal dominance, among educated men, of the sentiment of *philanthropy*, of belief in the inherent perfectibility of human nature, as well as of faith in ideals which bore, at least, the semblance of a celestial origin. Not quite in vain, it seemed, had Owen and Fourier labored, and Hood sung, and John Leech wielded the pencil, and Dickens and Thackeray¹ used the pen. The name of Arnold was still a living force in our English schools, and the name of Mazzini was being whispered in every English home. The first noticeable change came, perhaps, with the criminal crusade of the Crimean War; and from that hour to this, owing in no little degree to the rough-and-ready generalizations of popular science, and the consequent discrediting of all religious sanctions, the enthusiasm of humanity among the masses has gradually but surely died away. Sentiment has, at last, become thoroughly out of fashion, and humanitarianism is left to the care of eccentric and unauthoritative teachers. Thus, while a few despairing thinkers and dreamers have been trying vainly to substitute a new ethos for the old religious sanctions, the world at large,

repudiating the enthusiasm of humanity altogether, and exchanging it for the worship of physical force and commercial success in any and every form, has turned rapturously towards activities which need no sanction whatever, or which, at any rate, can be easily sanctified by the wanton will of the majority. Men no longer, in the great civic centres at least, ask themselves whether a particular course of conduct is right or wrong, but whether it is expedient, profitable, and certain of clamorous approval. Thanks to the newspaper press—that "mighty engine," as Mr. Morley calls it, for "keeping the public intelligence on a low level"—they are fed from day to day with hasty news and gossip, and with bogus views of affairs, concocted in the interests of the wealthy classes. Ephemeral and empirical books of all sorts take the place of serious literature; so that, while a great work like Mr. Spencer's "Justice" falls still-born from the press, a sophistical defence of the *status quo* like Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is read by thousands. The aristocracy, impoverished by its own idleness and luxury, rushes wildly to join the middle-class in speculations which necessitate new conquests of territory and constant acts of aggression. The mob, promised a merry time by the governing classes, just as the old Roman mob was deluded by bread and pageants—*panem et circenses*—dances merrily to patriotic war-tunes, while that modern monstrosity and anachronism, the conservative working man, exchanges his birthright of freedom and free thought for a pat on the head from any little rump-fed lord that steps his way and spouts the platitudes of Cockney patriotism. The Established Church, deprived of the conscience which accompanied honest belief, supports nearly every infamy of the moment in the name of the Christianity which it has long ago shifted quietly

¹ Curiously enough, the optimistic taste of the day regarded Thackeray, an essential sentimentalist, as an almost brutal cynic!

overboard.² There is an universal scramble for plunder, for excitement, for amusement, for speculation, and above it all the flag of a Hooligan Imperialism is raised, with the proclamation that it is the sole mission of Anglo-Saxon England—forgetful of the task of keeping its own drains in order—to expand and extend its boundaries indefinitely, and again, in the name of the Christianity it has practically abandoned, to conquer and inherit the earth.

It may be replied that this is an exaggerated picture, and I will admit at once that there is justice in the reply—If it is granted at the same time that the picture is true so far as London itself and an enormous majority of Englishmen are concerned. Only, if this is granted, can the present relapse back to barbarism of our public life, our society, our literature be explained. Now that Mr. Gladstone has departed, we possess no politician, with the single exception of Mr. Morley (whose sanity and honesty are unquestionable, though he lacks, unfortunately, the demonic influence), who demands for the discussion of public affairs any conscientious and unselfish sanction whatever; we possess, instead, a thousand pertinacious counsellors—cynics like Lord Salisbury, or trimmers like Lord Rosebery—for whom no one in his heart of hearts feels the slightest respect. Our fashionable society is admittedly so rotten, root and branch, that not even the Queen's commanding influence can impart to it the faintest suggestion of purity or even decency. As for our

popular literature, it has been in many of its manifestations long past praying for; it has run to seed in fiction of the baser sort, seldom or never, with all its cleverness, touching the quick of human conscience; but its most extraordinary feature at this moment is the exaltation, to a position of almost unexampled popularity, of a writer who, in his single person, adumbrates, I think, all that is most deplorable, all that is most retrograde and savage, in the restless and uninstructed Hooliganism of the time.

The English public's first knowledge of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was gathered from certain brief anecdotal stories and occasional verses which began to be quoted about a decade ago in England, and which were speedily followed by cheap reprints of the originals, sold on every bookstall. They possessed one not inconsiderable attraction, in so far as they dealt with a naturally romantic country, looming very far off to English readers, and doubly interesting as one of our own great national possessions. We had had many works about India—works of description and works of fiction; and a passionate interest in them, and in all that pertained to things Anglo-Indian, had been awakened by the mutiny; but few writers had dealt with the ignobler details of military and civilian life, with the gossip of the mess-room, and the scandal of the governmental departments. Mr. Kipling's little kodak-glimpses, therefore, seemed unusually fresh and new; nor would it be just to deny them the merits of great liveli-

² It is sad to read in this connection the poem contributed to the Times, at the outbreak of the South African struggle, by no less a person than the Ven. Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland:

"They say that 'War is Hell,' the 'great accursed,'

The sin impossible to be forgiven—
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,
And still find blue in heaven!

And as I note how nobly natures form

Under the war's red rain, I deem it true,
That He who made the earthquake and the storm,
Perchance, made rattles too!"

God help the Church, indeed, if this is the sort of oracle she delivers to those who rested their faith in God on the message of the Beatitudes.

ness, intimate personal knowledge, and a certain unmistakable, though obviously Cockney, humor. Although they dealt almost entirely with the baser aspects of our civilization—being chiefly devoted to the affairs of idle military men, savage soldiers, frisky wives and widows, and flippant civilians—they were indubitably bright and clever, and in the background of them we perceived, faintly but distinctly, the shadow of the great and wonderful national life of India. At any rate, whatever their merits were, and I hold their merits to be indisputable, they became rapidly popular, especially with the newspaper press, which hailed the writer as a new and quite amazing force in literature. So far as the lazy public was concerned, they had the one delightful merit of extreme brevity; he that ran might read them, just as he read *Tld-Bits* and the society newspapers, and then treat them like the rose in Browning's poem—

Smell, kiss, wear it,—at last throw away!

Two factors contributed to their vogue: first, the utter apathy of general readers, too idle and uninstructed to study works of any length or demanding any contribution of serious thought on the reader's part, and eager for any amusement which did not remind them of the eternal problems which once beset humanity; and second, the rapid growth in every direction of the military or militant spirit, of the Primrose League, of aggression abroad, and indifference at home to all religious ideals—in a word, of Greater Englandism, or Imperialism. For a considerable time Mr. Kipling poured out a rapid succession of these little tales and smoking-room anecdotes, to the great satisfaction of those who loved to listen to banalities about the English flag, seasoned with strong suggestions of social impropri-

ety, as revealed in camps and barracks and the boudoirs of officers' mistresses and wives. The things seemed harmless enough, if not very elevating or ennobling. Encouraged by his success, the author attempted longer flights, with very indifferent results; though in the "*Jungle Books*," for example, he got near to a really imaginative presentment of fine material, and if he had continued his work in that direction criticism might have had little or nothing to say against him. But, in an unfortunate moment, encouraged by the journalistic praise lavished on certain fragments of verse with which he had ornamented his prose effusions, he elected to challenge criticism as a poet—as, indeed, the approved and authoritative poet of the British Empire;—and the first result of this election, or, as I prefer to call it, this delusion and hallucination, was the publication of the volume of poems, partly new and partly reprinted, called "*Barrack-room Ballads*."

I have said that Mr. Kipling's estimate of himself as a poet was a delusion; it was no delusion, however, so far as his faith in the public was concerned. The book was received with instantaneous and clamorous approval; and, once again, let me pause to admit that it contained, here and there, glimpses of a real verse-making faculty—a faculty which, had the writer been spiritually and intellectually equipped, might have led to the production of work entitled to be called "poetry." On the first page, however, the note of insincerity was struck in a dedication addressed to Mr. Wolcott Balestier, but recognized at once as having done duty for quite a different purpose—resembling, in this respect, the famous acrostic of Mr. Slum, which, although written to fit the name of "Warren," became, at a pinch, a "positive inspiration for Jarley." This dedication, with its false feeling and utterly unsuitable

imagery, suggests the remark *en passant* that Mr. Kipling's muse alternates between two extremes—the lowest Cockney vulgarity and the very height of what Americans call "high-falutin'"—so that when it is not setting the teeth on edge with the vocabulary of the London Hooligan, it is raving in capital letters about the Seraphim and the Pit and the Maidens Nine and the Planets.

The "Ballads" thus introduced are twenty-one in number, of which the majority are descriptive of whatever is basest and most brutal in the character of the British mercenary. One deals, naturally enough, with the want of sympathy shown in public-houses to Tommy Atkins in time of peace, as contrasted with the enthusiasm for him in time of war; another, entitled "Cells," begins as follows:—

I've a head like a concertina; I've a
tongue like a button-stick;
I've a mouth like an old potato, and
I'm more than a little sick.
But I've had my fun with the Corp'-
ral's Guard; I've made the cin-
ders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thund-
ering drink and blacking the
Corp'ral's eye;

It is, in fact, the glorification of the familiar episode of "drunk and resisting the guard." In an equally sublime spirit is conceived the ballad called "Loot," beginning:—

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg
be'ind the keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin'
from a line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in
your bloomin' 'aversack,
You will understand this little song
of mine;

and the verses are, indeed, with their brutal violence and their hideous refrain, only too sadly understandable.

Worse still, in its horrible savagery, is the piece called "Belts," which is the apotheosis of the soldier who uses his belt in drunken fury to assault civilians in the streets, and which has this agreeable refrain:—

But it was: "Belts, belts, belts, an'
that's one for you!"
An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an'
that's done for you!"
O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!

If it is suggested that the poems I have quoted are only incidental bits of local color, interspersed among verses of a very different character, the reply is, that those pieces, although they are certainly the least defensible, are quite in keeping with the other ballads, scarcely one of which reaches to the intellectual level of the lowest music-hall effusions. The best of them is a ballad called "Mandalay," describing the feelings of a soldier who regrets the heroine of a little amour out in India, and it certainly possesses a real melody and a certain pathos. But in all the ballads, with scarcely an exception, the tone is one of absolute vulgarity and triviality, unredeemed by a touch of human tenderness and pity. Even the little piece called "Soldier, Soldier," which begins quite naturally and tenderly, ends with the cynical suggestion that the lady who mourns her old love had better take up at once with the party who brings the news of his death:—

True love! new love!
Best take 'im for a new love!
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd
better dry your eyes,
An' you'd best take 'im for your true
love.

With such touching sweetness and tender verisimilitude are these ballads of the barrack filled from end to end.

Seriously, the picture they present is one of unmitigated barbarism. The Tommy Atkins they introduce is a drunken, swearing, coarse-minded Hooligan, for whom, nevertheless, our sympathy is eagerly entreated. Yet these pieces were accepted on their publication, not as a cruel libel on the British soldier, but as a perfect and splendid representation of the red-coated patriot on whom our national security chiefly depended, and who was spreading abroad in every country the glory of our imperial flag!

That we might be in no doubt about the sort of thinker who was claiming our suffrages, Mr. Kipling printed at the end of his book certain other lyrics, not specially devoted to the military. The best of these, the "Ballad of the Bolivar," is put into the mouth of seven drunken sailors "rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain," and loudly proclaiming with the true brag and bluster so characteristic of modern British heroism, how "they took the (water-logged) Bolivar across the bay." (It seems, by the way, a favorite condition with Mr. Kipling, when he celebrates acts of manly daring, that his subjects should be mad drunk, and, at any rate, as drunken in their language as possible.) But this ballad may pass, that we may turn to the poem "Cleared," in which Mr. Kipling spits all the venom of Cockney ignorance on the Irish party, *à propos* of a certain commission of which we have all heard, and, while saying nothing on the subject of forged letters and cowardly accusations, affirms that Irish patriots are naturally and distinctively murderers, because in the name of patriotism murders have now and then been done. He who loves blood and gore so much, who cannot even follow the soldier home into our streets without celebrating his drunken assaults and savageries, has only hate and loathing for the unhappy nation

which has suffered untold wrong, and which, when all is said and done, has struck back so seldom. In the poem which follows, "An Imperial Rescript," he protests with all his might against any bond of brotherhood among the sons of toil, pledging the strong to work for and help the weak. Here, as elsewhere, he is on the side of all that is ignorant, selfish, base and brutal in the instincts of humanity.

Before proceeding further to estimate Mr. Kipling's contributions, let me glance for a moment at his second book of verse, "The Seven Seas," published a year or two ago. It may be granted at once that it was a distinct advance on its predecessor—more restrained, less vulgar, and much more varied; here and there, indeed, as in the opening "Song of the English," it struck a note of distinct and absolute poetry. But in spite of its unquestionable picturesqueness, and of a certain swing and lilt in the go-as-you-please rhythms, it was still characterized by the same indefinable quality of brutality and latent baseness. Many of the poems, such as the "Song of the Banjo," were on the level of the cleverness to be found in the contributions of the "poet" of the *Sporting Times*, known to the occult as the Pink 'Un. The large majority, indeed, were Cockney in spirit, in language, and in inspiration, and one or two, such as "The Ladies" and "The Sergeant's Weddin'," with its significant refrain:—

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—
Give 'em one cheer more!
Gray gun-orses in the lando,
And a rogue is married to, etc.

were frankly and brutally indecent. The army appeared again in the same ignoble light as before, with the same disregard of all literary luxuries, even of grammar and the aspirate. God, too, loomed largely in these produc-

tions—a Cockney "Gawd" again—chiefly requisitioned for purposes of blasphemy and furious emphasis. There was no glimpse anywhere of sober and self-respecting human beings—only a wild carnival of drunken, bragging, boasting Hooligans in red coats and seamen's jackets, shrieking to the sound of the banjo and applauding the English flag.

Faint almost to inaudibility have been the protests awakened by these Cockney caricatures in the ranks of the army itself. Here and there a mild voice has been heard, but no military man has declared authoritatively that effusions like those which I have quoted are a libel on the service, if not on human nature. Are we to assume, then, that there are no refined gentlemen among our officers, and no honest, self-respecting human beings among their men? Is the life of a soldier, abroad as at home, a succession of savage escapades, bestial amusements, fuddlings, tipplings, and intrigues with other men's wives, redeemed from time to time by acts of brute courage and of *sang froid* in the presence of danger? Is the spirit of Gordon quite forgotten, in the service over which he shed the glory of his illustrious name? If this is really the case, there is surely very little in the Anglo-Saxon military prestige which offers us any security for the stormy times to come. That Englishmen are brave, and capable of brave deeds, is a truism of which we need no longer to be assured; but bravery and brave deeds are not national possessions—they are the prerogative of the militant classes all over the earth. Englishmen in times past were not merely brave, they could be noble and magnanimous; their courage was not only that of the bulldog, but of the patriot, the hero, and even the philanthropist; they had not yet begun to mingle the idea of a national imperialism with the political game of brag.

I am not contending for one moment that the spirit which inspired them then has altogether departed; I am sure, on the contrary, that it is living yet, and living most strongly and influentially in the heart of the army itself; but if this is admitted and believed, it is certain that the Tommy Atkins of Mr. Rudyard Kipling deserves drumming out of all decent barracks as a monstrosity and a rogue.

The truth is, however, that these lamentable productions were concocted, not for sane men or self-respecting soldiers, not even for those who are merely ignorant and uninstructed, but for the "mean whites" of our eastern civilization, the idle and loafing men in the street, and for such women, the well-dressed Doll Tearsheets of our cities, as shriek at their heels. Mr. Kipling's very vocabulary is a purely Cockney vocabulary, even his Irishmen speaking a dialect which would cause amazement in the Emerald Isle, but is familiar enough in Seven Dials. Turning over the leaves of his poems, one is transported at once to the region of low drinking-dens and gin-palaces, of dirty dissipation and drunken brawls; and the voice we hear is always the voice of the soldier, whose God is a Cockney "Gawd," and who is ignorant of the aspirate in either heaven or hell. Are there no Scotchmen in the ranks, no Highlanders, no men from Dublin or Tipperary, no Lancashire or Yorkshire men, no Welshmen, and no men of any description who speak the Queen's English? It would seem not, if the poet of "The Sergeant's Wedding" is to be trusted. Nor have our mercenaries, from the ranks upwards, any one thing, except brute courage, to distinguish them from beasts of the field. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Kipling's contention, and in the service itself it seems to be undisputed.

How, then, are we to account for the extraordinary popularity of works so

contemptible in spirit and so barbarous in execution? In the first place, even fairly-educated readers were sick to death of the insincerities and affectations of the professional "poets," with one or two familiar exceptions, and, failing the advent of a popular singer like Burns, capable of setting to brisk music the simple joys and sorrows of humanity, they turned eagerly to any writer who wrote verse, doggerel even, which seemed thoroughly alive. They were amused, therefore, by the free-and-easy rattles, the jog-trot tunes, which had hitherto been heard only in the music-halls, and read only in the sporting newspapers. In the second place, the spirit abroad to-day is the spirit of ephemeral journalism, and whatever accords with that spirit—its vulgarity, its flippancy, and its radical unintelligence—is certain to attain tremendous vogue. Any thing that demands a moment's thought, or a moment's severe attention—anything that is not thoroughly noisy, blatant, cocksure and self-assertive, is *caviare* to that man in the street on whom cheap journalism depends, and who, it should be said *en passant*, is often a member of smart society. In the third place, Mr. Kipling had the good, or bad, fortune to come at the very moment when the wave of false imperialism was cresting most strongly upward, and when even the great organs of opinion,—organs which, like the Times, subsist entirely on the good or bad passions of the hour—were in sore need of a writer who could express in fairly readable numbers the secret yearnings and sympathies of the baser military and commercial spirit. (Mr. Kipling, in a word, although not a poet at all in the true sense of the word, is as near an approach to a poet as can be tolerated by the ephemeral and hasty judgment of this day. His very incapacity of serious thought or deep feeling is in his favor. He represents, with more

or less accuracy, what the mob is thinking, and for this very reason he is likely to be forgotten as swiftly and summarily as he has been applauded; nay, to be judged and condemned as mean and insignificant on grounds quite as hasty as those on which he has been hailed as important and high-minded. Savage animalism and ignorant vainglory being in the ascendant, he is hailed at every street-corner and crowned by every newspaper. Tomorrow, when the wind changes, and the silly crowd is in another and possibly saner temper, he is certain to fare very differently. The misfortune is that his effusions have no real poetical quality to preserve them when their momentary purpose has been served. Of more than one poet of this generation it has been said that "he uttered nothing base." Of Mr. Kipling it may be said, so far at least as his verses are concerned, that he has scarcely, on any single occasion, uttered anything that does not suggest moral baseness, or hover dangerously near it.

That we might not entertain one lingering doubt as to the nature of the spirit which inspires his easy-going muse, Mr. Kipling himself, with a candor for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, has recently laid bare, in a prose work, the inmost springs of his inspiration; in other words, he has described to us, with fearless and shameless accuracy, in a record of English boyhood, his ideal of the human character in adolescence. Now, there is nothing which so clearly and absolutely represents the nature of a grown man's intelligence as the manner in which he contemplates, looking backward, the feelings and aspirations of youthful days. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the author of the immortal Ode, and heaven is still with us very often as we more closely approach to manhood. In Goethe's reminiscences of his childhood we discover, faintly

developing, all that was wisest and most beautiful in a soul which was distinguished, despite many imperfections, by an inherent love of gentleness and wisdom; the eager intelligence, the vision, the curiosity, are all there in every thought and act of an extraordinary child. When Dickens, in "David Copperfield," described under a thin veil of fiction the joys and sorrows of his own boyhood and youth, there welled up out of his great heart a love, a tenderness, a humor which filled the eyes of all humanity with happy tears. When Thackeray touched the same chords, as he did more than once, he was no longer the glorified Jeames of latter-day fiction—he was as kindly, as tender and as loving as even his great contemporary. Even George Eliot, with imaginative gifts so far inferior, reached the height of her artistic achievement when she went back to the emotions of her early days—when, for example, she described the personal relations of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, or when, in the one real poem she ever wrote, she told in sonnet-sequence of the little "Brother and Sister." It would be cruel, even brutal, to talk of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the same breath as fine artists like these; but all writers, great or little, must finally be judged by the same test—that of the truth and beauty, the sanity or the folly, of their representations of our manifold human nature. Mere truth is not sufficient for art; the truth must be there, but it must be spiritualized and have become beautiful. In "Stalky & Co."² Mr. Kipling obviously aims at verisimilitude; the picture he draws is, at any rate, repulsive and disgusting enough to be true; yet I trust, for England's sake, that it is not—that it is, like nearly all his writings, with which I am familiar, merely a savage caricature.

² Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

Only the spoilt child of an utterly brutalized public could possibly have written "Stalky & Co.," or, having written it, have dared to publish it. These are strong words, but they can be justified. The story ran, originally, through the pages of a cheap monthly magazine, and contained, I fancy, in its first form, certain passages which the writer himself was compelled, in pure shame, to suppress. Its purpose, almost openly avowed, is to furnish English readers with an antidote to what Mr. Kipling styles *Ericism*, by which label is meant the kind of "sentiment" which was once made familiar to schoolboys by Farrar's "Eric, or Little by Little;" or, to put the matter in other words, the truly ideal school-boy is not a little sentimentalist; he is simply a little beast. The heroes of this deplorable book are three youths, dwelling in a training school near Westward Ho; one of them, the Beetle, reads poetry and wears spectacles, the two others, Stalky and M'Turk, are his bosom companions. This trio are leagued together for purposes of offence and defence against their comrades; they join in no honest play or manly sports, they lounge about, they drink, they smoke, they curse and swear, not like boys at all, but like hideous little men. Owing to their determination to obey their own instincts, and their diabolic ingenuity in revenging themselves on any one who meddles with them, they become a terror to the school. It is quietly suggested, however, that the head-master sympathizes with them, especially in their power to inflict pain wantonly and to bear it stolidly, which appears to him the noblest attribute of a human being. It is simply impossible to show by mere quotations the horrible villainess of the book, describing the lives of these three small fiends in human likeness; only a perusal of the whole work would convey to the reader its truly repulsive

character, and to read the pages through, I fear, would sorely test the stomach of any sensitive reader. The nature of one of the longest and most important episodes may be gathered from the statement that the episode turns on the way in which the three young Hooligans revenge themselves, on a number of their schoolmates who have offended them, by means of a dead and putrefying cat. And here is a sample of the dialogue:

"In his absence not less than half the school invaded the infected dormitory to draw their own conclusions. The cat had gained in the last twelve hours, but a battlefield of the fifth day could not have been so flamboyant as the spies reported.

"My word, she *is* doin' herself proud," said Stalky. "Did you ever smell anything like it? Ah, and she isn't under White's dormitory at all yet."

"But she will be. Give her time," said Beetle. "She'll twine like a giddy honeysuckle. What howlin' Lazerites they are! No house is justified in makin' itself a stench in the nostrils of decent—"

"High-minded, pure-souled boys. Do you burn with remorse and regret?" said M'Turk as they hastened to meet the house coming up from the sea."

Another equally charming episode is the one describing how a certain plebeian called "Rabbits-Eggs," through the machinations of the trio, wrecked the room of one of the masters, King:—

"*Moi! Je! Ich! Ego!*" gasped Stalky, "I waited till I couldn't hear myself think, while you played the drum! Hid in the coal-locker—and tweaked Rabbits-Eggs—and Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Wasn't it beautiful? Did you hear the glass?"

"Why, he—he—he," shrieked M'Turk, one trembling finger pointed at Beetle.

"Why, —I—I—I was through it all," Beetle howled; "in his study, being jawed."

"Oh, my soul!" said Stalky with a yell, disappearing under water.

"The, the glass was nothing. Manders minor's head 's cut open. La—la—lamp upset all over the rug. Blood on the books and papers. The gum! The gum! The gum! The ink! The ink! Oh, Lord!"

Then Stalky leaped out, all pink as he was, and shook Beetle into some sort of coherence; but his tale prostrated them afresh.

"I punked for the boot-cupboard the second I heard King go down stairs. Beetle tumbled in on top of me. The spare key's hid behind the loose board. There isn't a shadow of evidence," said Stalky. They were all chanting together.

"And he turned us out himself—himself—himself!" This from M'Turk. "He can't begin to suspect us. Oh, Stalky, it's the loveliest thing we've ever done!"

"Gum! Gum! Dollops of gum!" shouted Beetle, his spectacles gleaming through a sea of lather. "Ink and blood all mixed. I held the little beast's head all over the Latin proses for Monday. Golly, how the oil stunk! And Rabbits-Eggs told King to poultice his nose! Did you hit Rabbits-Eggs, Stalky?"

"Did I jolly well not? Tweaked him all over. Did you hear him curse? Oh, I shall be sick in a minute if I don't stop!"

As I have already said, however, the book cannot be represented by extracts. The vulgarity, the brutality, the savagery, reeks on every page. It may be noted as a minor peculiarity that everything, according to our young Hooligans, is "beastly," or "giddy," or "blooming;" adjectives of this sort cropping up everywhere in their conversation, as in that of the savages of the London slums. And the moral of the book—for, of course, like all such banalities, it professes to have a moral,—is, that out of materials like these is fashioned the humanity which is to enoble and preserve our Anglo-Saxon Empire! "India's full of Stalkies,"

says the Beetle, "Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on!"

Perhaps, after all, I am unjust to Mr. Kipling in forgetting, for the moment, to credit him with a poet's prophetic vision. For, if "Stalky & Co." was written before and not after recent political developments, it certainly furnishes a foretaste of what has actually happened! The "surprises *have* begun," although the "rows" have not been very "big" ones, and the souls of Stalky and his companions *have* been looming large in our Empire. Studying certain latter-day records, indeed, listening to the voice of the Hooligan in politics, in literature, and journalism, is really very like reading "Stalky & Co." Some of our battles, even, faithfully reproduce the "blooming" and "giddy" orgies of the schoolroom, and in not a few of our public affairs there is a "stench" like that of "the dead cat." Yes, there *must* be Stalkies and M'Turks and Beetles working busily, after all, and representing the new spirit which appears to have been begun in the time of Mr. Kipling's boyhood. But whether they really represent the true spirit of our civilization, and make for its salvation, is a question which I will leave my readers to decide.

So much, however, for the voice of the Hooligan, as reverberating in current literature. It is needless to say that it would hardly have been necessary to seriously discuss such literature, if the object was merely to protest on intellectual grounds against its popularity; one might as well examine seriously the current contributions to *Answers* and the *Sporting Times*, or hold up to artistic execration the topical songs of a Drury-Lane pantomime. But even a straw may indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing.

and the vogue of Mr. Kipling, the cheerful acceptance of his banalities, by even educated people, is so sure a sign of the times that it deserves and needs a passing consideration. Behind that vogue lies, first and foremost, the influence of the newspaper press, and I cannot do better than quote in this connection some pregnant words contained in a recent work by a writer of undoubted insight, Mr. George Gissing: "A wise autocrat might well prohibit newspapers altogether, don't you think?" says one of Mr. Gissing's characters. "They have done good, I suppose, but they are just as likely to do harm. When the next great war comes, newspapers will be the chief cause of it. And for mere profit, that's the worst! There are newspaper proprietors in every country who would slaughter half mankind for the pennies of the half that are left, without caring the fraction of a penny whether they had preached war for a truth or a lie." "But doesn't a newspaper," demands another character, "simply echo the opinions and feelings of the public?" "I am afraid," is the reply, "it manufactures opinions and stirs up feeling. . . . The business of newspapers in general is to give a show of importance to what has no real importance at all, to prevent the world from living quietly, to arouse bitterness, when the natural man would be quite indifferent. . . . I suppose I quarrel with them because they have such gigantic power and don't make anything like the best use of it."⁴ If this statement is accepted as true, and few readers who have studied the recent developments of journalism, will be inclined to doubt it, it will be understood at once how the popularity of Mr. Kipling has been accelerated by "that mighty engine," the newspaper press.

It is no purpose of mine, in the pres-

⁴ *The Crown of Life*. By George Gissing. (Methuen & Co.)

ent paper, to touch on political questions, except so far as they illustrate the movements of that back-wave towards barbarism, on which, as I have suggested, we are now struggling. I write neither as a Banjo-Imperialist nor as a Little Englander, but simply as a citizen of a great nation who loves his country, and would gladly see it honored and respected wherever the English tongue is spoken. It will scarcely be denied—indeed it is frankly admitted by all parties—that the Hooligan spirit of patriotism, the fierce and quasi-savage militant spirit, as expressed in many London newspapers and in such literature as the writings of Mr. Kipling, has measurably lowered the affection and respect once felt for us among European nations. Nor will any honest thinker combat the assertion that we have exhibited lately, in our dealings with other nationalities, a greed of gain, a vain-glory, a cruelty, and a boastful indifference to the rights of others, of which—in days when the old philanthropic spirit was abroad—we should simply have been incapable. But it is not here, in the region of politics and militarism, that I wish to linger. My chief object in writing this paper has been to express my sorrow that Hooliganism, not satisfied with invading our newspapers, should already threaten to corrupt the pure springs of our literature. These noisy strains and coarse importations from the music-hall should not be heard where the fountains of intellectual light and beauty once played, where Chaucer and Shakespeare once drank inspiration, and where Wordsworth, Hood, and Shelley found messages for the yearning hearts of men. Anywhere but there; anywhere but in the speech of those who loved and blessed their fellows. And let it be remembered that those fountains are not yet dry. Poets and dreamers are living yet, to resent the pollution. Only a little while

ago the one living novelist who inherits the great human tradition tore out his very heart, figuratively speaking, in revolt against the spirit of savagery and cruelty which is abroad; though when Thomas Hardy wrote "*Jude, the Obscure*," touching therein the very quick of divine pity, only a coarse laugh from the professional critics greeted his protest. Elsewhere, too, there are voices not to be silenced by the clamor of the crowd; as near as our own shores, where Herbert Spencer is still dwelling; as far away as South Africa, where Olive Schreiner has sought and found human love in the dominion of dreams; and there are others, shrinking away in shame from the brazen idols of the Mart, and praying that this great Empire may yet be warned and saved. To one and all of these has been brought home the lesson—"Woe to you when the world speaks well of you!" and they have elected to let the world speak ill of them rather than bow down in homage to its calves of gold. For, to speak the truth as we see it—to confront the evil and folly of the hour—is as dangerous to-day as when Socrates drank his hemlock-cup.

I have left myself no space, I find, to draw a final contrast between the coarse and soulless patriotism of the hour and that nobler imperialism in which all true Englishmen, to whatever political camp they may belong for the time being, must still believe. In the federation of Great Britain and her colonies, and in the slow and sure spread of what is best and purest in our civilization, there was indeed hope and inspiration for our race, and a message of freedom for all the world. But true imperialism has nothing in common with the mere lust of conquest, with the vulgar idea of mere expansion, or with the increase of the spirit of mercenary militarism; its object is to diffuse light, not to darken the sunshine; to feed the toiling millions, not

to immolate them; to free man, not to enslave him; to consecrate and not to desecrate the great temple of humanity. Some of its ways, like the ways of nature herself, must inevitably be destructive; the weaker and baser races must sooner or later dissolve away; but the process of dissolution should be made as gentle and merciful as possible—not savage, pitiless, and cruel. True imperialism should be strong, but the strength should be that of justice, of wisdom, of brotherly love and sympathy; for the power which is bred of a mere multitude equipped with the engines of slaughter will, in the long run, avail nothing against the eternal law which determines that the righteous only shall inherit the earth. We are a people still, though we seem, for the time being, to be forgetting the conditions on which we received our charter, and deep in the heart of England survives the sentiment of a world-wide nationality, as expressed in the passionate lines of a modern poet:—

The Contemporary Review.

Hands across the Sea!
Feet on British ground!
The Motherhood means Brotherhood
the whole world round!
From the parent root,
Sap, and stem, and fruit
Grow the same, or soil or name,—
Hands across the sea!

There sounds the true imperial feeling, which will survive, I think, long after the repulsive school of patriotism which I have called (for want of a better name) the Hooligan school, is silent and forgotten. Let me, at least, hope that it may be so—that Englishmen, after their present wild orgy of militant savagery, may become clothed and in their right minds. There is time to pause yet, although they are already paying the penalty—in blood, in tears, in shame. Let them take warning by the fate of France, let them try to remember the old sanctions and the old enthusiasms; for if they continue to forget them they are in danger of being swept back into the vortex of barbarism altogether.

Robert Buchanan.

A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY.*

"A place in the country"—to the normal Englishman there is surely a magic in the phrase. It is redolent of the strongest social aroma; it casts an old-world glamor over the dull page of commercial life. "Who is so-and-so? What is he?" we ask with mild curiosity, and at the answer, "He has 'a place in the country' somewhere"—and it matters not where—we fall back with a certain sense of relief. For, does not

this, fairly interpreted (there is, of course, a fraudulent counterfeit to every kind of distinction), mean everything? Does it not signify—if not (in the untranslatable Greek phrase) "archæoplutic" dignity, ancestral wealth—at any rate, the end and crown of the Herculean toils of money-getting?

The thing may, in itself, be but one more purchase, one more judicious or injudicious investment of capital, but

* Grose's *Ollo* (Grumbler, No. XI. Sketch of Some Worn-out Characters of the Last Age). London: Hooper, 1792.

² Howitt's *The Rural Life of England*. Illustrated by Bewick and Williams. Second edition. London: Longmans, 1838.

³ *Reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.; or, the Pursuits of an English Country Gentleman*. By Sir J. Eardley Wilmot. London: Chatto and Windus, 1862.

⁴ *The Novels of the late Major J. G. Whyte-Melville*.

it interests us chiefly as a social phenomenon. Among a free and great people the social instinct, which is but the national taste in civilization, remains the most intense, able to hold its own with the crude forces of avarice. In plain English, the most impossible of *parvenus* is usually more anxious that we should class him personally as a gentleman, than that we should admire (as is often more easily done) his horses, his pictures, or his wine; and it has always seemed natural to the British mind that a gentleman should possess (if he does not inherit) a place in the country. The two words "country" and "gentleman" fit together like no other pair in the language. In a venerable social homily written by Dr. Richard Allestree ("The Gentleman's Calling," 1667), we may read that—

Wealth [to gentlemen] seems to be, as it were, rained down from the clouds, both in respect of the plenty and the easiness of its acquisition. Fair patrimonies, large inheritances descend upon them without one drop of their sweat. . . "Res non parva labore sed relictæ"—the prime ingredient in the completest felicity of this life.

In those happy days there was, speaking in rough outline, but one form of wealth—land. One of the first indications of the appearance of a rival moneyed interest is, as Mr. Lecky tells us, the assertion in the Landed Property Qualification Act of 1712, of the good old principle that Great Britain consisted, politically, of its landowners assembled in Parliament. The effacement of the distinction which once separated the two interests is one of the salient characteristics of modern English life. Nowadays, land-owning, unaided by "money," is apt to become a mere picturesque species of poverty; while "money," with no anchorage upon the soil, seems to the Briton, with his

passion for heredity and continuity, but a gross, unromantic, and unsatisfying form of success.

Even in a sophisticated age there is a child-like simplicity about our notions of what is dignified and dignifying; and perhaps there is in this very simplicity an overpowering force. Property in bank-bills, credits, and balances is all very well, but there is nothing like property, or imagined property, in what is eternal, primeval and indestructible. Commerce may be as necessary and consequently as estimable as you please, but it will never have the primitive dignity of agriculture. Whatever our immediate interests and conduct, we are all affected by a vague feeling that, if what Socialists call the "whole iniquitous system" of capital were, in some inconceivable fashion, abolished tomorrow, people would still be found digging the earth and milking cows, though they might not be promoting companies and jobbing shares. But, apart from these (largely delusive) *arrière pensées*, we do know that, speaking for our own nation in particular, the "country gentleman" is one of its most ancient and most respected institutions. Indeed, the chronic laments uttered over the decay of his class are perhaps a clearer indication of the value set upon it at all periods than of any other fact.

Samuel Pepys refers to the decline as marking an inroad upon the "old rule," that "fifty miles from London a family might last fifty years upon the land; one hundred miles away . . . for one hundred years," and so on. Yet, at the beginning of the eighteenth century it is clear that landowners of 200*l.* to 300*l.* per annum were a numerous class, scarcely distinguishable from the tenant farmer—proud, prejudiced, and busily occupied with local affairs. In the second half of the century it is abundantly plain that the increase of communication with the capital, of in-

dustrial invention, and of foreign—not to say “Imperial”—trade, coincided with the gradual extinction of the small squire.

Francis Grose, the antiquary, has left us a sketch of the already-vanishing rural *régime* of his younger days, which is worth quoting in detail. “Another character now worn out and gone,” was, he tells us, “the country ‘squire—’ mean the little, independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots.” He seldom travelled beyond the next county town, and thither only for assizes or elections; he went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled parochial disputes between parish officers, and then adjourned to the neighboring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. “He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbor’s house by smacking his whip and giving the view-halloo.” He generally drank ale, but might indulge in “strong brandy punch” on Christmas, the fifth of November, or other gala days. His manners, in fact, were those of Tony Lumpkin, in “*She Stoops to Conquer*.” “A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as a voyage to the West Indies.” The mansion which he inhabited was of plaster and timber, called “callimanco” work, or of red brick, with a porch, a study, swallow-haunted eaves, a court set round with hollyhocks, and a herse-block near the front door. About the hall hung fitches of bacon; over the mantel-piece guns and fishing-rods and the arms worn by his ancestors in the civil wars; while the vacant places were decorated with stags’ horns.

Against the wall was posted King

Charles’s Golden Rules, Vincent Wing’s Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in the window lay Baker’s “Chronicle,” Foxe’s “Book of Martyrs,” “Glanvil on Apparitions,” Quincey’s “Dispensary,” “The Complete Justice,” and a book of “Farriery.”

In the best parlor, furnished with “Turk-worked” chairs, hung portraits of the squire’s ancestors as shepherds and shepherdesses—the men in full suits and huge perukes, the ladies in flowing robes and lofty head-dresses.

“Alas!” is the author’s melancholy conclusion, “these men and these houses are no more. The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country . . . to solicit a place or commission, to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farmhouse, till . . . the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighboring Lord, or else to some Nabob, Contractor, or Lamb of the Law.”

Every sentence of this sketch (No. XI of a series of Roundabout Papers entitled “The Grumbler”) is a chapter of social history condensed. The same pessimistic note is struck in Goldsmith’s “Deserted Village:”—

Trade’s unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.

What a familiar picture this conjures up of the heavy London mansion, standing where it ought not, on some lovely site in Kent or Surrey!

“The American war,” it was epigrammatically said, a little later, “rendered it difficult for a man to live as a gentleman on 500*l.* a year; the French war

made it impossible." Fate, in fact, had decreed for Great Britain a commercial and industrial triumph. The nation needed new and vaster sources of wealth for its new imperial liabilities, and they were, as we know, ready to hand, alike in the soil and climate as in the unexploited energies of the people. It is in the latter half of the eighteenth century particularly that the genealogist finds representatives of all the smaller yeoman-families migrating up to London, to the El Dorado of modern commerce, on their way to become gentlemen of the new and less Arcadian and possibly more "unfeeling" school. There is a certain naturalness about the epithet. It would rather seem—though we cannot here discuss the question—that if agriculture were our only means of money-getting, success would be a surer test of personal character and industry than it now is. Perhaps the gentle simplicity regretted by Goldsmith was little more than the slackness of a sleepy and half-peopled country. In any case times were altering fast. A tidal wave of wealth-creation swept over the land, till, cut off from earlier days by the telegraph, the steam-engine, and a hundred other inventions, the history of our own times stands alone, and, from the mere vastness of the scale on which it is conducted, owes little to precedents from the past. The population which, in the time of the great French war, Malthus feared could not subsist for very long, having been replaced by one four or five times its size, and in almost every respect more comfortable and more civilized, the sole developments of the age which has seen this revolutionary change may be expected to be of a proportionate depth and intensity.

To be a "country gentleman"—to return to the particular tendency here considered—was and is (if it be not, economically speaking, as extinct as that of special pleader) a profession in

itself. But the old order changes. A foreign economist taken on a tour through the Home Counties to-day might be astonished at the apparent prosperity of agriculture, at the well-tilled fields, trim cottages, model farms, and smiling homesteads. He might be more surprised to be told that this agriculture is carried on at a considerable loss; that the trim cottages, model farms, and "smell-traps" represent philanthropic and patriotic experiments carried on by a skilled bailiff, who inhabits the smiling homestead, and looks after the well-tilled fields in return for a comfortable salary. Looking further into the problem he might learn that the red-brick pile half hidden by the beech woods, or the great white house on the hill, represents reservoirs of wealth laid on from the metropolis to irrigate the arid deserts of the provinces; that, in fine, the key to the modern "place in the country" is the modern "something in the city."

The paradox, now so familiar to us, has aroused many a gibe and jeer, since we trace the earliest notices of it in contemporary literature. The kindly Richardson assures us that successful "tradesmen"—in "a trading country"—are "not to be despised," though they might naturally feel a little shy in the atmosphere of Grandison Hall, where the "gardens and lawns were as boundless as the mind of the owner." And by the time of Jane Austen (was not even Sir Thomas Bertram, of Mansfield Park, himself one of Grose's "Nabobs?"), we see the "country" beginning to become the prize of the vigorous *nouveau riche*, and the foundations being laid of that substantial, sociable, and cultivated upper or upper-middle class which makes the English provinces what they are to-day.

The struggle, the eternal ethical discord—if one may so call it—between

commerce and rusticity has appeared by turns, in its various stages of development—detestable, ridiculous and alarming. Yet in all such revolutions one can hardly help observing that no precious and cherished English institution is ever allowed to fade altogether from the surface of the country. Rather does it "suffer a sea-change" into something not so different—to our prejudiced view, perhaps—as it might appear to a less partial critic. Our best institutions rather appear as durable but elastic moulds, capable of much expansion and contraction, and the English nature, in each varying but conservative generation, as a fluid destined to fill them instinctively. Thus—to return to the tendency here particularly considered—the country gentleman might, in some historic sense, become extinct. But "*le roi est mort, vive le roi.*" There must be country gentlemen still, although they may be "cits"—in Grandisonian language—too freshly minted to be critically classed as "gentlemen," and though all that they know of the country is, that its greatest charms can be bought for a price.

The new proprietor, the *marchand enrichi*, in whom Montalembert, in the fifties, saw such hopes for the political future of England, might seem at first sight the most uncongenial appendage that could by any freak of law be attached to "the property." But in England that is nobody's affair but his own. A landlord is always a landlord, a constitutional monarch, who is expected to fill a place and perform certain social duties. If a blue-blooded Norman dynasty is to be displaced tomorrow by a horde of invaders whose title-deeds are writ only in mustard or blacking, the fair field allowed for the experiment is simply one more triumph of British freedom. Nowadays, indeed, so thoroughly have we swallowed and digested all the narrow formulæ evolved in

the times of smaller England—so inextricably has society been mixed in the great mill of our industrial life—that he would be a very expert sociologist who should express surprise that the blacking added a lustre to some noble escutcheon, or that the mustard was managed by a cadet of a ducal house. It would be a gross anachronism, though it once was fashionable, to cast up against the modern country gentleman the striking contrast between his rural position and pursuits and the actual sources of his money.

As to the particular form and *entourage* of his country residence, it is clear that the despotic splendor of the aristocracy in the eighteenth century, when a great lord stood unrivalled by any cotton or railway "king," is chiefly responsible, as Mr. Lecky observes, for the modern passion for founding great families. Now, a "great family" means, in England at least, as Montalembert had already noticed, a "place in the country." Class legislation and class privileges have passed away, but standards of expense and social types remain. The "distant blaze," one may say, of the patriarchal hospitalities of the Dukes of Beaufort, of the month-long revelries of Houghton in the days of Robin Walpole (the inaugurator of the Parliamentary fox-hunter's holiday), still affect the popular conception of a county family, and dominate the imagination of the typical *marchand enrichi*. There, it has always been felt, in the great establishments of the old nobility, was a model of state or of comfort, of luxury or practical enjoyment, that could scarcely be surpassed. In fact if we asked for the average English gentleman's conception of a social paradise, the usual reply would probably be—even in these enlightened days—Hatfield House (or some such useful and solid species of dwelling, ancient or "Cubitt-built"), ten thousand acres and twenty thousand a year.

And such a lot has of late become, on several accounts, more desirable, more enjoyable than ever. Town-life and country-life are no longer incompatible, as they were, for any but a few great folk. Books, a change of company, electric lighting, fresh fish, are no longer beyond the reach of remote country-houses. The man of business can sit at his desk all day, and yet inhale the purest country air fifty miles from town every evening, not to mention Sundays. The gulf is thus bridged over; the landed aristocracy is no longer a distinct class; rusticity and urbanity are no longer class-marks. Manners have emerged from the artificial atmosphere often surrounding the eighteenth-century "person of quality" to a more practical democratic sociability; while the reform of abuses, and the frequency and publicity of the fortunes made in some business, "moist or dry," by persons risen from the ranks, has rendered the position of a plutocrat less open to attack than in the days when he seemed rather a product of unjust legislation than a self-made force.

Still, this fusion of town and country suffers from some drawbacks—at least, for the leisured class. The disappearance of a monopoly always gives rise to some complaints. The zenith of country-life, with its rich mixture of motives and interests, does seem to belong to a period in the nineteenth century less "actual" in a way and certainly less conscious than the present. The *Saturnia regna* of this mode of existence would probably comprise the close of the good old coaching days, as well as the beginnings of the much-contemned railway, when the advantages of the latter were beginning to be felt, but the provinces were not infested with excursionists and "scorchers;" when—though there were plenty of rich people in the country—more of an old-world distinction still attached

to the agricultural resident and hereditary country gentleman. Such a "golden age" would extend, say, from the thirties to the fifties, inclusive. It might, we believe, be plausibly argued that the general level of happiness in the upper classes (a thing closely connected with their rural life) was considerably higher in the period referred to than in later days.

This period was certainly one of vigorous and homely provincial life, the decay of which, "in these racing railroad days," since the Great Exhibition, is earnestly lamented in "Tom Brown" (chap. I). "We," says the author, "were Berkshire, Gloucestershire, or Yorkshire boys. . . . You young cosmopolites belong to all counties and no counties." As to the literary evidence for our suggestion, the age of Dickens, Thackeray, and Mr. Punch, from the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers" to that of "Alice in Wonderland" (surely a no less epoch-marking work) thirty years later, comprises a mass of healthy literature breathing not only a robust and saner humor than the new, but an old-world calm, not disturbed by the thousand and one "causes," questionings, theories, agitations, and programs so distractingly familiar to our own generation; while the superiority and freshness of the sporting literature of the time of Surtees, "Cecil," "Nimrod," and "The Druid" and of John Leech's hunting sketches, is beyond dispute. The period, we may add, comprises, among other things, possibly of greater political importance, the thorough establishment and popularization of modern hunting, by such men as Assheton Smith, who died in 1858, after a career as M. F. H. of more than half a century. Economic evidences might be collected to the same purpose. It was the age in which old-fashioned domestic business and private banking gave way to the public and mechanical joint-

stock system, because, as Lord Overstone observed, "it was impossible any longer to know people." But at the outset of this golden age (if we are right in so calling it), "the age of our happiest novelist," of our most perfect rural poet (the poet *par excellence* of conservatism and feudalism, of princely parks, flowing lawns, fair social order, and luxury), and of the most spontaneous and classical of our sporting literature, appeared what we take to be the most elaborate and enthusiastic account of "the country" (if not of any country) ever put on paper. The chorus of approval which hailed the publication (almost simultaneously with Scrope's great work on "Deerstalking") of William Howitt's "Rural Life of England," would be remarkable in a much less critical age. "Only inferior to nature herself," is the modest eulogy bestowed by the Athenæum on this most instructive and conscientious compilation by the author, who, bred in the country, travelled (mostly on foot, as he tells us) over the length and breadth of England, and thus collected a mass of evidence concerning many a now-forgotten phase of our rural economy.

The enthusiasm pervading Howitt's chapters on "England as a place of residence," "The enviable position of the country gentleman," and so forth, tempt the reader to believe that the state of things described in such glowing detail can have resembled nothing known to us before or since that date. Here, in the simple language of our grandparents, is the picture of a social ideal, the splendor and attractions of which have all the freshness that belong to recent discovery and realization:—

"It would require some ingenuity," Mr. Howitt assures us at starting, "to discover any earthly lot like that of the English gentleman. The wealth and refinement at which this country

has arrived have thrown round English rural life every possible charm."

And then there follows a detailed prospectus of these charms—of the modern mansion, its furniture, beds, carpets, library, pictures (all of the best), of the country gentleman himself—his breakfast, his newspapers, his amusements, occupations, ambitions, and hospitalities.

"Imagine the possessor of a noble estate coming down to receive his friends there. To a high and generous mind there must be something very delightful." The fresh greenness of the woods, the "peaceful elegance" of the houses—how grateful after the dust, crowding, and noise of London! "Here," moreover, "he (the country gentleman) is sole lord and master; and from him, he feels, flows the good of his dependent people, and the pleasure of his distinguished guests." He goes on Sundays to the church (and how many a *genre* picture of the period, decorating how many a lodging-house parlor, does not the scene recall!). "The hamlet" (one felt sure it would be a hamlet) "is all his own; the rustic church . . . part and parcel of the family estate. It was probably" (one need not inquire too curiously into the matter) "*probably* built and endowed by his ancestors. The living is in his gift, and it is perhaps enjoyed by a relative or college chum"—which indeed is probable enough, though Mr. William Corbett might have worded it differently. "The Sabbath bell rings, and he enters that old porch with his guests; he sees the banner of some brave ancestor float over his head, and the hatchments and memorial inscriptions of others on the walls." The whole scene, in fact, is that of Sir Leicester Dedlock in the family pew, in "The Little Church in the Park," portrayed by the inimitable "H. K. B." in "Bleak House."

"What," asks Mr. Howitt, with simi-

ple confidence, "can be more delicately flattering to all the feelings of human nature? What lot can be more perfect?" If there be any lingering doubt on the matter, he has still more overwhelming evidence. That of an American and a Democrat (Mr. Willis), whose account of a visit to Gordon Castle in the thirties is indeed a testimonial to the delights and splendors of the English "country place." The modern reader may find something rather like it in "Coningsby" and "Lethair." The "immense iron gates," with their heraldic ornaments, the "porter in white stockings," the "winding avenue," the "grooms leading bloodhorses" (they were always "bloodhorses" then!), the groups of "lounging and powdered menials," the "phaetons dashing away" (as they dash away in the pages of "Lethair"), the imposing views, the park, the sheep, the deer, the lovely prospect of the distant forest, "shaped by the hand of (Ducal) taste"—all these things, combined, quite overpower the waning prejudices of the republican visitor.

The "house party," as reporters (possibly writing from the village inn) are so fond of saying, did not exceed ninety. The handsome page, in a laced jacket, who conducted Mr. Willis to his luxurious bedroom, enumerated their names and titles while unpacking his valise. As the dinner hour approached there was a knock at the door, and a stately, white-haired, old gentleman appeared—the Duke, of course, in person!—to conduct his newly-arrived guest downstairs and present him to the Duchess and the galaxy of "highborn women glittering with jewels" who surrounded her. But let not the reader smile. The establishment at Gordon Castle produced on Mr. Willis much the same effect as Solomon's household did upon the Queen of Sheba; but what finally (if we may use so colloquial a phrase) "knocked" our democrat, was not so much the magnificence of the

place as the contrast, so characteristic of the English country, between his Grace in evening dress and his Grace at breakfast, "sitting laughing at the head of his table in a coarse shooting-jacket and colored cravat"—in a word, that perfect and practical "comfort, from which all the fuss and *gêne* of life had been weeded out."

"And all this little world of enjoyment, luxury and beauty," he concludes, "lay in the hands of one man, and was created (*sic*) by his wealth in the wilds of Scotland," as (one may observe) such "Places" are beginning to be created by native millionaires in the wilds of America. "I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture." There was to Mr. Willis's mind a faint suggestion of privilege about the social phenomenon, but nothing to matter. An American visitor would scarcely express himself with such *naïveté* nowadays, but when Mr. Howitt tells us that this is "the most perfect picture conceivable of aristocratical life in the country," few would venture to disagree with him. One can imagine the author of "Vanity Fair" denouncing any fellow-Briton who should pretend that he would not like to stay at Gordon Castle, or even at the much less reputable establishment of Queen's Crawley, which Miss Sharp preferred to those of the "city families."

No doubt this particular example is, as we are told, on "the highest and broadest scale," and it is not every country gentleman that can attain unto it. But it fairly represents the ideal to which the average self-making Englishman continues to look up. It is the high and distant goal of his pilgrimage from Peckham to Bayswater, from Bayswater to Mayfair. It illuminates his toilsome path from *cottage orné* to suburban villa, from villa to mansion—in a word, from all those successive homes which are to him "no abiding

city," to the Promised Land, of a "place in the country," where the head of a county family may enjoy forever "a lot preferable," as a more celebrated American than Mr. Willis has asserted, "to that of any potentate in Europe." Emerson, by the way, who felt strongly the attraction of living in so picturesque and humanely interesting, in so "well-packed and well-saved" a country as England, was yet struck by the unsociability of the British ideal, by the "despotic" standards of expense which make it a "sort of religion" that every man must live so as to show his means (a religion that "fears, if it rule not, to trust") and by the accumulation of vast estates faintly suggesting a return to the Heptarchy.

But this "county family" ideal is, after all, a more socializing one than the "Hudson-River-side palace and ocean-going steam-yacht" ideal of the Anglo-Saxon plutocrat on "the other side." The successful merchant or tradesman may—we see every day that he does—drag his own suburban atmosphere after him into the provinces and the Highlands for a time. But let him once settle down on the land, and a familiar change ensues. The country, with its multiplicity of primeval interests—complex feelers that lay hold here or there of the most conventional and unromantic natures—is the best available antidote to that business atmosphere which broods over our centralized modern life, as London fog over the city—the atmosphere in which men tend, by an inevitable but indecent familiarization with the one crude force, money, to lose the sense of any power or distinction unmeasurable in its terms. In the country, that crude force is clothed (and happy are those who have never known it but thus decently clothed) in natural things that are of primitive and overpowering interest in themselves. How durable, even in our own cosmopolitan railroad

days, are the mental habit and the social outlook of those who, as George Elliot observes in "Daniel Deronda," have imbibed something of this interest from youth up as a "sweet habit of the blood"—who have started, at the age when we are not prepared to be citizens of the world, with an anchorage upon some particular spot of ground and neighborhood, and who have known (may we not add?) but one scale of living—advantages fully enjoyed perhaps only by the class of old-established wealth, and the country clergy.

We speak of the people who "settle down in the provinces" as distinguished not only from those opulent persons who merely "take places," or rent "shootings" here and there, who secure the enjoyments and dignities of the country without involving themselves in the permanent ties of landlordism, but also from the villa-resident. The villa, and especially the suburban villa, means, as a rule, seclusion; the landed estate, publicity. A millionaire living at a numbered house in a street, or behind a ten-foot brick wall, may be much what pleases him without incurring odium or celebrity. It is in the rôle of country gentleman that the successful Englishman first announces himself as such, and appeals to the suffrages of his countrymen.

While the social effects of the movement upon the wealthy middle-class of the nineteenth century have been remarkable, no less curious (if not, as has been suggested, positively confusing) have been the economic effects on the country districts. To the embittered mind of Cobbett, perambulating Southern England in the twenties, all the evil and suffering he saw (such as could now be only found in our most overcrowded cities) appeared derivable from legislation in favor of the landed interest. "Only in a sinking land . . . a land of castes and Corn Bills," says

the author of "Corn Law Rhymes," "could such a poem as the 'Splendid Village' (1853) have been conceived or written." But now, in days when castes and Corn Bills seem as obsolete as serfdom, a bad landlord is, we take it, one who tries to make a business of land-owning, which should be, as Mr. Gladstone once hinted, the occupation of those who have other sources of income—who have, in fact, done with making money. And a good landlord—the best, at any rate—is one who "runs" a whole estate cheerfully and liberally with the dynamo of "something in the city."

To the inhabitants of the modern "splendid village"—one of those, let us say (for there are such), where wages have continued to rise while their agricultural value has steadily declined—it matters little whence comes the wealth that is so judiciously applied, whether from the unceasing looms of Manchester or the risky speculations of the Rand. The "town," in brief, may have certain grievances of its own, in modern times, against the "country;" but, ethics and economics apart, it seems good to us that in England (as a foreign critic cited in the *Rural Life* remarks) "the country is not regarded from a purely utilitarian point of view." No one would think of it nowadays as merely useful; and, indeed our provinces never were—to the foreign eye—cultivated or inhabited after that fashion. That, "in England everybody loves the country" is doubtless true enough, though a satirist of 1809 has anticipated us in the inevitable reflection that "the love of rural scenes seldom predominates in the merchant till he has realized an immense fortune." The country place, in fact, attracts the millionaire more than the country; and first and foremost among the attractions of a large establishment must certainly be reckoned the pleasures of a hospitality which is regarded

by Mr. Howitt as something probably unique in the civilized world, in respect of scale, practical comfort, and sociability. The Englishman in town, said Washington Irving, is always in a hurry, and seldom shows his best side. It is in the country, the home of leisure, under the sanctity of one roof, that British reserve is thawed, that friendships are made, by "doing something" together. It is here, and here only, that you may meet almost all kinds of persons and find them—owing to the freedom and variety of the life—at their ease. "Staying about" to such purpose is, in fact, a liberal education, and the modern country place is a sort of university, whose terms coincide more or less with vacation time elsewhere.

But when we consider what is usually done at such seasons, we are reminded that our typical islander is not recreated by repose, but Tusculan discussions, or the contemplation of nature. His vigorous nature requires an excitement that stirs its depths, not to say an occasional draught from the pure wellsprings of primitive savagery. Parallel with the historical development of the civilized Englishman from his piratical, fire-eating ancestors, is the contemporary and continuous evolution of the fine flower of modern culture and intelligence out of the splendid raw material of healthy Philistinism, bred in the atmosphere of field sports. The intensity of the hold these have over us can scarcely be realized unless we try to think of the "country" (which to many of us has no other meaning whatever) without them. Other sports may train the body (though games are no longer the characteristic monopoly of the country, and the best cricket and football are played in large towns), but have not the fascinating wildness, the savage charm of these. Advancing humanity—it must honestly be admitted—has not extinguished in us a certain pleasure in the

mere destruction of life. It can only secure that a balance shall be struck between the suffering on one side and the recreation on the other.

Is there something subtly debasing in our tremendous addiction to the "killing pastimes?" "Mange du gibier si tu veux," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "mais ne sois pas ton propre boucher." That exquisite mannerist cannot have appreciated the immense diffusion of simple and healthy pleasure, social amity, robust physique, and even scientific knowledge for which the pastime of shooting, as popularly practised (to say nothing of the not so very gentle art of the angler), is really responsible? "Hawker, Maxwell, Scrope, Murray, such Englishmen" (says a critic quoted above) "have written the game-books of all nations." But there is a point in Lord Chesterfield's sneer. The easy destruction in large quantities of defenceless animals will never rank as a sport of the first order. The utmost skill displayed in it can scarcely rouse more admiration than that of the first-class billiard player; and, all said and done, as an exercise of the finest qualities in man, it is no more comparable to the great and national sport of fox-hunting than a game of bowls is comparable to a stiff Alpine climb.

The "image of war," as the father of the modern chase described it, derives a mysterious glamor, doubtless, from the alliance of the human biped with the most powerful and excitable (and one of the most beautiful) of domesticated animals; and the conception of the "great horse" as the "ornament of dazzling wealth" is one which the English aristocracy shares with that of ancient Greece. To ride straight across country after the fashion of our Tom Smith, Mr. Osbaldeston, or John Warde of Squerries, is not merely to indulge an instinct or to exhibit dexterity. The man who can follow hounds successfully must have some at least of the

qualities necessary to a pioneer or a leader of men. Some such solid merit seems to be the rational justification for that enthusiasm which, for example, at the great Rolleston meet in 1840, brought together an army of ten thousand splendidly-mounted sportsmen (about a third of them in pink), including some of the best blood of England, to do honor to the greatest fox-hunter ever known, the very *beau idéal*, moreover, of his class—landlord, athlete, cricketer, boxer, yachtsman, M. P., and M. F. H., who quoted Horace in the field, and, up to the age of seventy, vaulted from his hack to his hunter! There is something positively Homeric about such a type, first developed, as has been said, in the good old days of nineteenth-century sport, but probably not yet extinct. At any rate, the keenness for the sport has not declined, for there are about twice as many packs of foxhounds in the country now as there were at the date of Assheton Smith's death thirty years ago; and the increase of these institutions, from a score or so, as "Cecil" estimates, at the beginning of the century, to two hundred odd (exclusive of staghounds) in 1898, is—apart from the stupendous development of athletics—a singular testimonial to the superfluous energy and animal spirits of the well-to-do classes. Not all the actual warfare in which the Empire involves us, not all our expeditions and explorations into the remotest heights and wildest deserts of the globe, are enough to exhaust this energy; there is scarcely any unpleasant climate or sensational predicament in which we shall not find some more or less sporting and country-bred specimen of the race busily "drinking up eisil" or "riding a crocodile," like Mr. Charles Waterton, with experience acquired in "hunting with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

Yet we are more than ever, by force of international circumstances, a na-

tion of shopkeepers, devoted by fate to those "sedentary and within-door arts" which, as the shrewdest of our thinkers has said, "have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition." For "warlike people are a little idle, and love danger better than travail." "Neither," is the important conclusion, "must they be too much broken of it, if they shall be preserved in vigor." Here, then, is a distinct plea for the elaborate organization and enjoyment (as the goal of our shop-keeping) of a life somewhat idle, in which the energetic temperament may lie fallow, to be softened by the simpler influences of nature and ploughed up in the Berserk passions of sport.

Lord Verulam's moral is, at any rate, that enforced by one of the most popular and most significant of modern writers. Mr. Kipling, who has interpreted to us so much of our Imperial life and responsibilities, is quite determined that, in so far as he is concerned, a "poor, little, street-bred people, . . . who only England know," shall not be "too much broken" of such love of danger as may survive among them. And when he paints for us, against the well-known Oriental background, his most actual ideal of healthy English Philistinism—the heroic, the lovable, the self-forgetful young Paladin, pure in heart and mind, skilled at keeping his pores open and his mouth shut—it is with little misgiving that we follow the soldier boy back to that home whence, indeed, no student of England would hesitate to derive him—to the familiar "place in the country," lit up by the tastefully-shaded glamor of ancestral wealth, the home of under-keepers, dog-boys, tender-mouthed six-year-olds, "mint-sauce lawns," strictly-preserved trout-streams, and landaus with "a hot Sunday smell on the leather."

Here, however, Mr. Kipling is only crossing the trail of an older and scarcely less-popular romancer, *facile*

princeps in his own line, seeing that he seized more successfully than any other upon all that was best in sporting and rural life, and made it into a part of clean nineteenth-century literature. While the simultaneous publication of two new editions of the late Major Whyte-Melville's novels (to say nothing of a perfect galaxy of sporting encyclopædias) proves that the taste for country life—or, at any rate, for its contemplation in literature—still flourishes among us; on the other hand, the date of the first appearance of "The Interpreter," of "Holmby House," of "Kate Coventry," and of "Digby Grand," will remind us that the old-world witchery of those romances hardly belongs to the present highly-conscious generation. If any novelist did pluck and preserve for his countrymen the full, ripe bloom of a definite social phenomenon, Whyte-Melville did that for robust, jolly Philistinism surrounding modern sport, and more especially (for is not the hero in his best novels a horse?) the sport of hunting. It is no wonder, then, that he is widely popular. Probably among no other people in the world do country interests and enthusiasms, country-bred vigor and animal spirits, so pervade and dominate town life.

A round of visits in English homes would probably convince the intelligent foreign critic—to whom we have appealed so often—that there are few secrets of art, custom, trade or natural history that have not been thoroughly explored and exploited by some representative or other of the class that maintains two homes. Before all these interests and activities, before the modern appreciation of the beauties of nature, the great national sport was, and flourished. It would be difficult to estimate how much the nation owes to it, how much even those residents in the provinces owe who care least about the destruction of game or vermin in any

form. For "the country," as a social institution, was made, as we have endeavored to show, long ago, when the Tory fox-hunter, so familiar to readers of Addison, was a recognized order in the State. Perhaps, as the ancient Romans erected monuments to that interesting and, in life, repulsive animal, the goose, because its cackling on a famous occasion saved the Capitol, we are justified in raising the memorial, *ære perennius*, of a whole modern literature (valuable and venerable already, in the blue and red cloth of the forties and fifties) to that sacrosanct animal, the fox. It seems not unlikely that he saved the country at the expense of his thousand lives, by bringing together, aye, and keeping together (in a sense deeper than that understood by the immortal Jorrocks) "people as wouldn't otherwise meet."

"The English tenant," observed Mirabeau, in 1872, "would fight for his lord to the death"—one reason certainly being that he saw and understood a great deal of him. About the same time a writer in the *Monthly Review*, as Peter Beckford tells us, proposed (possibly for the hundredth time) that "feats of agility" should be substituted for our inhuman and barbarous field-sports. The idea is a pleasing one. "Feats of agility" are not neglected by the present generation, either in this country or among our cousins across the seas. Yet, recognizing—as it is wise for all creatures to recognize—the limitations as well as the potentialities of our peculiar nature we need scarcely regret that such a reform was never carried out. But for the ineradicable barbaric element in a warlike people, given over, on a scale which Bacon could never have anticipated, to "sedentary and

within-door arts," commercialism might have consumed us. Assheton Smith and "Jack Mytton" (port wine and all) are perhaps the true antidote to Mr. Podsnap and Sir Georgius Midas.

It seems historically certain that during an advanced stage of her transformation from an agricultural to a commercial nation, England to some extent lost herself. In the social satire of Dickens and Thackeray—to say nothing of Carlyle, Kingsley, and Ruskin—one may trace a certain alarmist and *désorienté* attitude towards the prodigies of "nouvelle richesse" conjured up in their "racing railroad" days, as if these phenomena were imperfectly understood and not easy to be classed. Increasing familiarity has since shown us that the Newbroom, the "Squire Mushroom," the self-made "parvenu," whose independence of the traditional route to respectability seems, at first, to strike so discordant a note in "Old England," the millionaire product of railways, beer, or soap (a force inexpressible at first except in terms of thousands a year) is after all, only our old friend John Bull in another costume, with the old aggressive and the old assimilating energies, renewing his youth like the eagle. The passion for ruling, that last infirmity of his noble mind, for expanding his individualist self in some sphere or other to its fullest power, doubtless infects all his social ideals. But if we are still to develop from our aristocracy the demigods required for the duties and enterprises of world-wide empire, much may surely be said for that particular social instinct which so persistently cherishes the romance of feudalism and adapts it to the true needs of democracy.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

X.

THE UPROOTED VINEYARD.

Winter had come, and Fromentière was outwardly calm and contented. A stranger, taking a cursory view of the fields and the men who tilled them, would have had no fears for the future of the farm. The new hand did not fash himself, as Toussaint Lumineau said; which meant that he worked stolidly fourteen hours a day without speaking fourteen words.

André was the joy and pride of his father, and did not spare himself in the least. The youth rose early, ploughed and sowed with seeming zest, and took the most solicitous care of the stock, flinging himself into the farm work with an enthusiasm which seemed to prove a strong vocation, and a fixed determination on his part to remain a peasant.

Yet, at the bottom of that anxious and tender heart, was a growing sense of *ennui*. André could not get used to the absence of François. The friend of his first twenty years—the comrade whose image was inseparable in his thought from that of Fromentière was no longer there. A week or so after his return André had paid a visit to his brother and sister at La-Roche-sur-Yon. He found them established in a house in the suburbs, not altogether happy and grumbling—the one at the severity of his employers, the other at the lack of custom in the café. But they by no means regretted the step they had taken, and were still enamored of the convenience of town-life and the comfort of having no one to control them, and no care for the

future. André felt no inclination to follow their example, and was even harder on them after he came back than before, for their desertion of the farm. Nevertheless, his fixed idea was more fixed than ever. He missed François, and Fromentière seemed an empty and abandoned spot without him. He never spoke of this haunting regret, but he could not shake it off, and the chance remarks of the rest, unwittingly to those who uttered them, increased its poignancy. The farmer, whose first wrath had subsided, especially now that he knew how far from brilliant were the prospects of his children in the town, began to speak more freely about François, as though to remind the others of his existence, and covertly to suggest that they make some effort to win the ingrate back. "To-day we will plant the quail-field where François ploughed his two furrows," or, "We'll roast some chestnuts under the ashes this evening. Rosette and François always liked them." This seemed to the father a good way of reuniting the household so unhappily dispersed, and Rosette followed his example; while inanimate objects were perpetually speaking of the absent one. There was his favorite fork. Yonder was a basket which he had plaited, or a rope which had been wound about a beam by the hand that was no longer there. Or, haply, it was merely some field-corner, or crook in the road, to which an obstinate association clung; a shrub, a hollow stump, or the whole wide stretch of the Marais where, for years, two children of nearly the same

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age—an inseparable pair of brothers—had driven cows, trapped birds, and leaped ditches by the help of a pole together.

Poor François—idle, extravagant, fond of pleasure—such was the legend about him which was already shaping itself at Fromentière. A touching, fond regret kept his place ever open for him at home, and even exaggerated his importance in the dwindled family-circle.

Weary and disappointed of the joy he had anticipated in coming back, André himself did not love the new Fromentière as he had loved the old.

The place was, indeed, changed. He had known it hitherto, lively and noisy with the varied activities of a large and united household, under the headship of one whose vigor and even his gaiety were all undiminished by years; with more hands than were actually needed to serve the estate, loved and defended blindly, like a nest from which the brood is not yet flown. Now all was altered. Two children had gone, leaving the house melancholy and the father indignant; the task was too heavy for those who remained; even Rosette seemed to be pining away. André felt that it was beyond his power to keep Fromentière in good condition, and still more to improve it as he had dreamed of doing in those hot nights in Africa when he could not sleep, and lay thinking of the elms at home. Two young and strong men were needed beside the farm-servant; that is to say, François was needed as well as André.

The latter struggled against his discouragement, for he was a truly brave fellow. He went off to the fields each morning, resolved to work so hard that he would have no time to think. He harrowed and sowed, dug ditches and set out apple-trees unremittingly, putting all his heart and all his courage into the work. But the days were long and solitary, with only the stupid farm-

boy beside him, who was an indifferent workman and totally uninterested in the projects and regrets of the young master, and thoughts of François and of the steady deterioration of the farm were ever present. And to whom could André go when evening came for a little sympathy and comfort? The mother was no longer there, while the father had all he could do to keep up his own courage and not succumb to misfortune. Mathurin's temper was so irritable and uncertain that, however one might pity, it was difficult to love him. And Rosette? He might perhaps have gone to Rosette; but she had been only seventeen when he went away, and he continued, unconsciously, to treat her like a child, and tell her nothing. Moreover he scarcely saw her, because the girl herself was so incessantly busy. And the house was all the sadder to André through the contrast it presented to barracks, where life had been hard enough, doubtless, but always lively and full of movement.

Weeks went by and the cloud did not lift. Utterly weary, at last, of being thus thrown back upon himself, André allowed his thoughts to stray away from the sorrowful spot, in which he no longer recognized his early home. He became like those taciturn peasants along the coast, who are always gazing seaward over the dunes, and who sink into revery the moment the wind begins to blow. In his trouble all the lamentable knowledge came back to him which he had acquired in foreign ports, and he thought of places where life is very different from what it can be on a farm beside the Marais of Vendée.

The temptation to escape grew pressing. About two months after he had installed himself in the room which had formerly been shared by the two brothers, André wrote a letter one night, after all the farm was asleep, to a soldier of another legion whom he

had known and left behind him in Africa.

"It is very dull here," he said, "my brother and sister having quitted the farm. If you hear of a good place to invest a little money in land, either in Algiers or farther away, I hope you will let me know. I have not quite decided, but I have some thought of leaving home. I seem to be all alone here."

The answer came promptly.

To the amazement of Toussaint Lumineau, the postman brought to Fromentière a great bundle of newspapers, pamphlets and prospectuses which André received gravely amid the banter of Mathurin and Rosette.

The farmer, who had not the slightest suspicion of André, said, laughing:

"There's more paper come to Fromentière, 'Driot, in these weeks since you were at home than ever before. All right, since you are fond of reading; but it would be a great nuisance to me."

Only on a Sunday did he find his boy's fondness for reading and writing a little wearisome. It was his habit, on that day, to bring home with him after vespers one or other of his old comrades; either High-and-Mighty from Terre-Aymont, or Pipet from Pinçonnière, with whom he would make a tour of the fields of Fromentière. They trudged up and down the grassy paths, carefully inspecting everything with a running commentary of nods and winks, while the few words which they exchanged had reference exclusively to the crops—present and future, good or bad, endangered or saved. Now, in the winter-time, it was the fallow lands—the fields of young wheat and the patches of lucerne on which they pondered longest. And Lumineau, who tried but failed to catch André and bring him along, would remark in confidence to his neighbor of Terre-Aymont or Pinçonnière, as they lingered in some warm and sheltered corner:

"My son André, look you, is a new sort, altogether! I have never known any one like him. It's not that he despises farming. On the contrary, he likes it very much, and works like a good one the whole week long. But since he came back from the regiment his one idea, of a Sunday, is to read."

Even Rosette sometimes wondered at him a little. She was a great deal too busy herself about the house to think much either of the toil or the pleasure of others. All the thousand and one duties pertaining to farm house-work now fell upon her, and she rarely saw André save at meal-times, when the others were present. On such occasions he either experienced a natural rebound from dejection of his youthful spirits, or he exerted himself to be gay—to jest with Rosette and make her laugh. And she, because she was a woman with sorrows of her own, had a species of divination about the troubles of others. By signs the most trivial—an absent gaze fixed upon the upper window-panes, an ambiguous word or two—she knew in her own loving heart that André was not happy, and she pitied him without knowing more. But even she was far from suspecting the sort of crisis he was passing through, or the project he had in his mind.

The only person who did fully divine the situation was Mathurin. He had observed André's growing sadness, the vain effort he made to recover his old equable humor, the calm heroism of his daily toil. Sometimes he followed him into the field; sometimes he lurked about the house and waited for the postman, himself receiving, and then handing over to his brother, the letters and papers that were addressed to the latter. The most insignificant details imprinted themselves upon his brooding memory, and came out eventually in the form of some astutely-put though seemingly-careless question.

He knew, for instance, that nearly all the letters Andre received bore the stamp either of Algiers or of Antwerp. The latter name meant nothing to him until Andre explained that it was a big seaport in Belgium:

"A larger place than Nantes which you have seen."

"How is it that you happen to know people so far from here, and from Algiers also?"

"Oh, it's very simple," answered the younger brother. "My best friend at Algiers was a Belgian in the foreign legion, whose family were all living at Antwerp. Demolder writes to me sometimes, and sometimes his relations write and give me any information I may chance to want."

"News of your comrade, I suppose?"

"No; of things I am interested in: journeys and foreign countries. One of the brothers has gone over the water to America, and has a farm there as big as our whole parish."

"Was he rich?"

"Not in the beginning; but he is now."

Mathurin dropped the subject; but he kept on the watch, and he put things together. If André chanced to drop a pamphlet addressed to those about to emigrate, or an advertisement of land for sale, or claims to be taken up, Mathurin picked it up and studied it carefully: trying to identify the places where his brother had frowned as he read, and those over which his eyes had shone with interest and longing.

Little by little, he came to the conclusion that 'Driot also meant to quit Fromentière. But when, and for what far away land of promise, remained a mystery. Accordingly, during the month of December, when the recurring storms of rain or snow drove them to more frequent tête-à-têtes in the house or stable, he would say cunningly:

"Tell me about America, 'Driot, and

the people who have grown rich there: I like to hear it."

Or else it would be:

"Fromentière must seem rather small and poor to you compared to the things you read of in your books, and it's not as productive as it used to be—that's certain."

André still hesitated, but Mathurin's mind was made up. Thus the old year went out and the new came in. The winter was rainy, and yet there was frost every night. In the chill mornings, the spider-webs that stretched from hummock to hummock were covered with hoar-frost and flapped in the wind like white wings. When the lagging sun was fairly up, the glebe began to smoke and the white wings turned gray. The heavier kinds of agricultural work were all suspended. The men upon the upland farms cut down a few decaying trees or mended their fences; those of the Marais did nothing at all. It was vacation-time for them: the ditches overflowed, the dykes were submerged; and the island-farms appeared to float upon the surface of the waters. They were cut off from all communication with the neighboring villages except by means of their punts, which had been thoroughly repaired, and navigated the expanse freely in all directions. It was the season for pleasant evening-parties and all manner of sport.

But the earth was not too hard to dig, and Toussaint Lumineau had resolved, by Mathurin's advice, to uproot the vineyard belonging to Fromentière, which had already been devastated by the phylloxera.

The farmer and André had, therefore, mounted to the little plot, with its warm exposure, on the southern slope of the ridge, which was crossed by the road leading from Fromentière to Chalons. The only objects within the range of their view were seven rows of ancient vines enclosed by four gorse

hedges, a stretch of pebbly soil and the arms of two wind-mills.

"You take one of the rows," commanded the farmer, "and I'll attack the other."

Pulling off their coats, despite the cold, for they were going to have hard work, they began to uproot the vines. They had been chatting pleasantly enough as they came up; but after they had taken to their spades, they turned sad and silent, neither caring to impart to the other what he felt about their sombre occupation, "and the death of the vineyard. Once or twice when a root proved particularly tough, the farmer would attempt some such forlorn jest as: "It likes its place, and doesn't want to be dragged out of it." But he soon gave over the effort to be cheerful, for neither he nor the youth beside him could banish the memory of the days when the old vineyard had been prosperous, yielding abundantly of that thin, sparkling, white wine which had been so favorite a beverage on the holidays of the olden time. The difference in his fortunes then and now oppressed the spirits of the old man, and he could not help suspecting that it weighed yet more heavily upon André. Silently they continued to swing their old-fashioned picks, which looked as though they had been forged for the hands of giants. The clods parted, the roots trembled, the few shrivelled leaves which had clung to the sprays dropped and were carried off by the wind, crackling like broken glass. The whole stem of the vine was presently bared to view, strong and shapely, clothed with green moss upon the upper part, which had been exposed to the dews and rains of many a bygone summer; slender below, and twisted like a gimlet. The scars left by the pruner's knife were innumerable, for no one now living knew the age of the vineyard. Every year that he could remember, André had helped to prune

and tie up the plants, gathered the grapes and drunk of the vintage. Now the end of it all had come, and every time he dealt some tap-root the fatal blow which divided it forever from living things, he experienced a pang; every time he seized the inert mass of wood by its long neglected tresses, and flung it upon the pile with the other stumps he shrugged his manly shoulders in wrath and disgust. The merry juice of the vine would circulate through those dead veins no more. Never more would the mother-branches bend under the ripening clusters, while their rustling foliage trailed over the ground like robes of gold! Never more would the pale, starry blossoms of the grape attract the summer insects by their honied sweetness, and shed their mignonette-like perfume over all the neighboring fields! Never more would the little children of the farm, if such were yet to be, thrust their hands through holes in the hedge to pilfer the outermost grapes! Never more would the women bear off their laden baskets;—wine would be a rarity at the farm henceforth, and not "our own wine" any longer! A cherished family possession, a sacred heirloom, perished with that old vineyard which had served the race of Lumineau so long and so faithfully.

They were both so profoundly sensible of their loss that the father could not refrain from saying, as he shouldered his pick, for the last time, at nightfall:

"It's a sad piece of work, 'Driot, that we have done to-day."

But there was a vast difference between the sorrow of the father and that of the son. Toussaint Lumineau, as he uprooted his vines, was thinking of the day when others would be set in their places. He beheld in his mute and lingering meditations his own successor at Fromentière gathering the vintage and quaffing the muscadet of

a renovated vineyard. His was that mighty and long-trying love, which rebounds in hope from every blow of misfortune; while with André the voice of hope was feeble, because love also had declined.

Their two figures, dark patches in the twilight, moved along the grass-borders, climbing the fields that sloped upward toward the farm. Wearily, with heads bent forward under the weight of the tools they bore, they moved on, glancing from time to time at the strip of ruddy sky which lay along the horizon of the Marais, and the clouds driven seaward by the wind. It was a melancholy evening. Around them were bare fields and fallows, naked hedges, leafless trees; above them was a sky that seemed to reel: darkness and cold. They had gone some two hundred yards before André had made up his mind to speak. It seemed too hard on the father beside whom he had been working—the answer he would have to make.

"Yes," he said at last, "the day of the vine is over in this country, but it will grow in other lands."

"Where, 'Driot?'"

The youth flung out his arm over Fromentière where it lay submerged in shadow, over the Marais, over La Vendée, with a gesture so vigorous that Toussaint Lumineau felt under all his thick woolen clothing the chill of the draught of air he made.

"What do other lands matter to us, 'Driot," cried the old man, "provided we can get a living in our own?"

Did the son quite appreciate the anxious tenderness hidden under these words? His answer was:

"But in ours it is all the time getting harder to live."

Toussaint remembered hearing François say almost the self-same thing, and he pondered in silence on the inexplicable fact that André who worked so diligently, and was not bewitched

about the town, should now be repeating his very expression. Still skirting the arable land the two men could, by this time, discern below them the trees of Fromentière like a dome of denser darkness, above which in the larger dome of the winter-sky the first stars were beginning to twinkle. The farmer never entered that sacred precinct without a certain emotion, but on this night he somehow felt, more keenly and tenderly than was his wont, the sweetness of coming home. Rosette, hearing their footsteps, had opened the house door, and was holding her lamp aloft for a signal.

"How late you are!" she said.

Before they had time to reply, the nasal and long-drawn-out notes of a horn sounded across the Marais, from beyond Sallertaine.

"That's the horn of Seullière," said Mathurin from within the living-room.

The little lamp was deposited on the table, and as the men drew near to the bright, warm fireside, Mathurin added:

"There's a party at Seullière to-night. Will you come, 'Driot?'"

His flaming eyes, as of one with whom a long-smothered craving has at last found voice, and the nervous trembling of the arms that rested on the table were painful and almost terrifying, to see: like the action of a madman.

"I don't care very much for dancing," replied André, carelessly; "but perhaps it would do me good to-night."

The farmer laid a controlling hand upon the shoulder of his unfortunate eldest; the fiery eyes fell and the whole frame sank in a heap, like a bag of meal, broadening out at the base as it touches the ground.

The men supped rapidly, and when they were nearly done Toussaint Lumineau, who had been brooding over André's words, made an appeal, as it were, to the one of his children who

had never wavered in his exclusive devotion to Fromentière:

"What do you suppose 'Driot has been saying to-day, Mathurin? He thinks it is all up with the vine in these parts, and pretends that it will thrive better elsewhere. But when you plant a vineyard you know, of course, that it will die some day?"

"A good many have died before ours," replied the invalid, roughly. "We are no worse off than our neighbors."

"That is precisely what I said," exclaimed André, throwing back his head while his eye sparkled as it was wont to do under contradiction, and his fine moustache quivered as he spoke. "It's not our vineyard merely, that is worn out, but the soil—ours and every one's as far as you have been, and farther! It needs new land to make good crops."

"New land?" repeated the father. "There's no such thing hereabout! It has all been worked."

"There's plenty of it, nevertheless, in other countries—" André hesitated an instant, and then went on with a rush—"in America, at the Cape, in Australia—in England, even. Everything grows in those places, as though the earth were glad to give; while with us—"

"Don't speak ill of your country, 'Driot! It's the best on earth."

"But the land is worn out, and it costs too dear."

"It costs a bit high, I admit; but with plenty of manure—"

"Good! How will you pay for it?"

"Just you wait till there comes a right good year—neither too dry nor too wet—and we shall be rich again!"

The farmer straightened himself up as though he had received a personal affront, and waited for André's answer. The latter also sprang to his feet, carried away by excitement. Every one looked at him, even the farm-boy, who sat with his chin in his toll-hardened hand endeavoring to un-

derstand it all. And every one perceived, vaguely, by the ease with which he spoke and the freedom of his gestures, that André was not altogether one of themselves.

"Yes," continued the young man, proud of compelling their attention; "something might perhaps be done in these old countries, but we are not taught in our schools what it is. That would be too useful! And the taxes are too heavy, and cultivable land is too dear! And so we plod miserably along, while in other places they reap magnificent harvests! I'm learning more and more about it every day. Our vineyards perish, but they have wine. Wheat springs without fertilizing, and they send us their ships laden, every one, with more corn than ever went into the granary of the old chateau, in the times you tell us about."

"You're joking; you've got that out of your books!"

"Partly! But I have seen the ships in port and the sacks of wheat overflowing, as our canals overflow their banks. If you only read the papers you would know that we get everything from abroad cheaper than we can produce it. Wheat, oats, horses, oxen—and that we have America and Australia to contend with already, and shall soon have China and Japan—"

He was intoxicated by the sound of his own voice. He was only echoing things he had seen in the papers, or had heard said by others, but Fromentière listened in a kind of maze. China, Japan, America—these words flew about the living-room like strange birds, driven thither by the tempest from far-away lands. The farm-house knew all the words of the local dialect, but never before had it heard the clash of foreign syllables. The faces uplifted to 'Driot, and illuminated by the lamp, expressed a blank astonishment.

"I have learned a thing or two," he

went on, excitedly. "I'm learning them every day. And when one comes from uprooting a vineyard, as I have done to-day, and thinks that there are places in America—and I could give you their names—to which you can go without so much as opening your purse—"

"Oh, come now!" said the farm-boy.

"It is true! The government over there pays the passage of those who come to improve the land, and looks after them from the moment they arrive. They have thirty acres assigned them to begin with—"

At this point the father shook his head compassionately, disarmed by the very enormity of the statement.

"There's not a word of truth in what you say, my boy! Thirty acres! I confess I don't read much, but I can't have you taking for gospel-truth and retelling here such tales as these! Thirty acres, indeed! It would ruin any government to fling land away in that fashion! Say no more, André! It irks me to hear you blackguarding our own land. Since you propose to till it with me—do as I do, and don't say nasty things! It has nourished us all so far."

An awkward silence ensued, of which the servant took advantage to slip away to bed. Then the summons to Seullière once more sounded through the night and Mathurin glanced at his brother, but did not speak. The latter, still agitated by the recent discussion, comprehended the mute appeal, and answered briskly, as though to emphasize the fact that he was a free agent:

"Very well; I will go."

"I'll go with you to the punt," said the invalid.

Toussaint Lumineau scented danger.

"It is hardly suitable," he said, gravely, "for your brother to go to Seullière; but as for you, my poor lad, it is not to be thought of that you should attend a gathering there. It is a very cold night. Go down with your brother to the bul-

rush meadow, if you will, but come back soon."

He looked anxiously after Mathurin, who, with the momentary access of strength which he always derived from strong emotion, had risen, moved along the table, and was now hurrying down the doorsteps into the darkness after André.

A blast of icy wind entered by the open door. Alas! the rule of that house was becoming no easy matter! Seated beside the table, his head supported on his hand, his gaze fixed upon the sombre courtyard, the farmer reflected on what he had just heard, and on his own utter powerlessness, despite his tender affection for his offspring and his great experience, to enforce obedience about anything not immediately connected with the work of the farm. Presently he called his daughter, who had withdrawn into the pantry—his lightest word ringing loudly in the now empty room:

"Rosette!"

She opened the door and advanced a little way, continuing to wipe, without looking at it, the bowl she held in her hand.

"I'm afraid Mathurin is after that woman again—"

"Oh, father, he never would! . . . And, besides, he has not his shoes on, and he could not start for Seullière without them."

Even as she spoke she slipped away, felt under Mathurin's bed and in his box, and returned, saying:

"They are not there. He must have taken them away beforehand. The Seullière horn blew first about six o'clock."

The father rose and began tramping up and down the room, only pausing from time to time and listening anxiously for the sound of Mathurin's crutches on the gravel of the yard.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING STORM IN THE FAR EAST.

As the attention of the world is for the moment concentrated upon the desperate struggle now proceeding in South Africa, it is quite natural that the signs of the imminence of a storm in the Far East should have almost escaped notice. Yet it is wholly in accord with Russian methods, at a time when England's hands are more or less full, to try to obtain fresh advantages in those spheres where British influence is usually most felt. Ever since 1895 the extreme weakness of China has been a menace to the peace of the world. A defenceless Power, whose frontier is for thousands of miles continuous with the dominions of one of the strongest and most aggressive world-Empires, must always invite open or veiled attack from that Empire. Russia has marked down China for slow consumption, just as, according to the Chinese proverb, the silkworm leisurely devours the mulberry leaf. She has made up her mind as to the policy to be pursued, which is the usual Russian one of cajolements, threats, and bribes in equal proportions. She aims at herself dominating and controlling the Peking Government, just as in the days of the treaty of Unklar Skelessi she dominated and controlled the Sublime Porte itself. But her desires being so vast, her ambition so far-reaching, the same danger of an anti-Russian coalition threatens her in the Far East as had to be confronted in 1854-6 and 1878 in the Near East. There are at least three Great Powers which will do all they can to prevent Russia from becoming the "protector" of China.

Foremost among these Powers, though by no means the strongest, is Japan. Her geographical position places her, so to speak, in the fore-

front of the battle. For the last fifteen years she has been fully alive to the danger which threatens China. She, herself, early realized the utter impotence of the methods of the East face to face with the armaments and organization of the West. Intensely patriotic, directed by men whose common-sense, foresight, acumen and statesmanship have nowhere been surpassed in the present century, she deliberately occidentalized herself to preserve her national existence. All that was best in the West she took to herself—the science, the consuming energy, the weapons of civilization—and grafted it upon the patience, the docility, the self-abnegation of her Eastern race. The sacrifice to her was great, for she broke with her wonderful past and substituted for a mode of life which even its most hostile critics confess to have been full of beauty and graciousness, the hard, cold commercialism of the nineteenth century. History records no such phenomenon in the whole record of our race. But to-day the Japanese statesmen of the Meiji are fully repaid for their sacrifices.

There was a time when it seemed as though China might emulate Japan. But the Chinese statesmen of the last generation have, without exception, lacked the high sense of patriotism and the fully-developed idea of duty which were the characteristics of the Japanese reformers. They saw, indeed, that modern armaments were a necessity for China, but when they had bought the mechanism of war they did not understand that it was useless without trained and well-educated men to handle it. The Chinese armies and navies were only a source of profit to mandarins and viceroys. There was an utter

want of that honest administration which is, to my mind, one of the most hopeful and wonderful features of modern Japan.

From the date of the Meiji, Japan has had two aims in her foreign policy: the first to secure the alliance of a reformed China; the second to end the period of what the Japanese regard as humiliation inflicted by the West upon the East. For, under the treaties which Europe and America forced upon Japan, be it remembered, the Japanese had no control over their own tariff; they had no jurisdiction over the foreigners within their gates; they could not even compel foreign shipping to pay its fair share towards the cost of lighting the coast. They were in the position of children under tutelage—a degrading position for a brave, high-spirited people.

Gradually Japan came to see rather in Russia than in the West generally the arch-enemy of China and of herself. So far back as 1875 she was compelled to give to the Czar the southern portion of Saghalien, in exchange for the Kurile Islands—a bargain which was not at all to her taste, but which she was too weak to oppose. Still the Russian peril did not become acute till 1891, when the ukase was issued ordering the construction of the Trans-Siberian railway. Japan at once redoubled her efforts to convince China of the essential identity of the interests of the two Yellow Powers. These efforts were utterly futile, and the result was the China-Japan war of 1894-5, provoked by Chinese meddling in Korea. Then, for the first time, the whole world learnt the utter weakness and rottenness of China—a weakness which hitherto only Japan and the Russian Asiatic Department had detected. The terms dictated after the war by Japan to her prostrate enemy were by no means unjust. Korea was to be independent of China, and virtually a

Japanese possession; Port Arthur and the Liao Tong Peninsula, at the ultimate acquisition of which Japan even then knew Russia to be aiming, were to become Japanese; Formosa and the Pescadores, coveted by France, were also to be ceded; and a moderate indemnity was to be paid. Japan, in fact, took nothing but territories of which, if left to China, she knew China would be robbed by the West. Her one aim was to concilliate, not to humiliate her enemy. As a clear indication of what was fermenting in Japanese brains I may quote certain passages from Admiral Ito's knight-like letter to the beaten Ting. In 1895 their full significance could not be understood; to-day they seem to be marked by an almost prophetic insight.

It is not the fault of one man that has brought China into her present position: the blame rests with the evil government that has so long administered her affairs. China selects her servants by competitive examination, and literary attainments are the one test. . . It is not necessarily a defective system, nor must it always produce a bad result. Yet a country cannot preserve its independence by such methods. Japan owes her existence, her integrity, wholly to the fact that thirty years ago she broke away from tradition and adopted the new. In the case of your country, too, that is the one course to follow to-day. If you adopt it, you are safe; if you reject it, your destruction is certain.

In words of passionate entreaty Ito called upon Ting to endure defeat bravely and survive till the time when he could himself lead China into the ways of reform. The appeal was disregarded, and Ting threw his life away. Yet the fact that such an appeal was made showed what was the real aim of Japan.

Far better for China, for the Far East, and for the world, would it have

been if Japan had been allowed to realize that aim and to reform China. The Japanese thoroughly understood that other yellow race across the water. They would have replaced anarchy by order; have swept away the corrupt administrators, who are working such terrible harm to the Chinese; have educated, organized, and armed their neighbors. They would have done precisely that which England wants to see done in the Far East, and done it without injury to the greater interests of Europe. From her very nature China must be a conservative Power, and the "yellow peril" which Mr. Pearson so deftly conjured with is a mere bogey, since no race can use the weapons of civilization with effect unless it itself becomes civilized. Unhappily, the "yellow peril" was worked for all it was worth by Russia, the great enemy of Japan. A triple alliance of Russia, France, and Germany was formed to rob the Japanese of their conquest, and to check them in their civilizing work.

What Germany was doing in that alliance—how she came to form a member of it—is a chapter of history as yet unwritten. France, as Russia's jackal, can always be trusted to play a part in any scheme of aggression or spoliation. It is certain that Germany was bribed to join by more or less magnificent offers of a slice of China; it is by no means improbable that Russia never intended to pay the bribe. The aim of the alliance was to crush Japan forever. The sympathy of England had, during the war, been with China rather than with Japan, and doubtless the allies hoped either for the aid of the British fleet, or at least for its benevolent neutrality. Fortunately, however, the British Foreign Minister saw through this promising scheme; fortunately, also, Japan showed a self-restraint which was above all praise. Practising her national art of *Jiu-jutsu*,

she bowed to the alliance. Her victorious army and navy were passionately eager for war and would have fought to the last; soldiers killed themselves for rage and shame at the surrender; but the Government rose to the emergency. The press was gagged, the fighting services were restrained, and word was quietly passed that the day for revenge would come with patience.

It was at this juncture that the solidarity of British and Japanese interests was for the first time revealed. The fact was hinted both to Japan and to the allies that if war resulted Britain would be on the side of the weaker Power. The British fleet in the Far East indisputably held the balance, and thus the hint averted war. Had our policy been stronger we could unquestionably have saved her conquests for Japan. Perhaps, however, the British public had not been educated up to the importance of keeping Russia out of Port Arthur as far back as the spring of 1895. When we reflect that a few months later a British Minister, Mr. Balfour, actually invited Russia to seize that port—for there can be no mistaking the place to which he alluded in his now famous speech—we can see how blind even responsible Englishmen were to the coming storm.

By the terms which the allies dictated, Japan was to relinquish Port Arthur, receiving a pecuniary indemnity for this sacrifice. She was to have no foothold on the mainland. Wei-hai-Wei was only to be occupied by her temporarily as security for the payment by the Chinese of the indemnity. Her presence on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, it was explained, would be incompatible with the preservation of the balance of power in China. This was a piece of the most sardonic humor when we reflect that Russia and Germany had secretly agreed each to seize and hold a port on that very gulf. When Kiau Chau was suddenly "jumped" by

Germany—as a preliminary to the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei—and when immediately after Port Arthur was occupied by Russia, a fresh and bitter injury was inflicted upon Japanese pride. The advance of Russia to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the virtual annexation of Manchuria, the certain predominance of the Czar's representative at Peking, were fraught with the utmost danger to the very existence of Japan. Nor have Japanese statesmen cultivated the useful habit of blinking unpleasant facts to the same extent as their British brothers.

It now became to Japan a matter of the most desperate necessity to keep Russia out of Korea. Russia in Korea would be far more dangerous to her than France at Antwerp or Germany at Rotterdam to Britain. The first Japanese attempts to reform Korea, immediately after the war, had failed signally, but failed mainly because at every point Russia quietly countered her enemy. The Japanese were too impatient; perhaps, also, too intolerant of prejudices, though this was because they felt that not an hour was to be lost in putting the Korean house in order. For the moment Japan was swept from the field, and Russia took her place. Russian advisers dominated the Court, Russian military instructors trained the embryo Korean army. You may, however, expel Japan with a bayonet, but she will, like nature, insinuate her way back. In diplomacy she is to the full a match for the Czar's Government. So skilfully did she manoeuvre, that in March of 1898 the Korean Government dismissed all its Russian servants. In April of that year Russia, having her hands very full in Manchuria and China, was obliged to agree to a convention with Japan, by which the Japanese were to develop Korea commercially, and neither Russia nor Japan were to place military forces in the peninsula. Practically,

that is to say, Korea became once more a Japanese sphere of interest. So things remained till a month ago, when Russia quietly laid hands upon the sea-front of Masampo, which she wants for a naval station, and which is confessedly one of the finest harbors in the East; though why, with Port Arthur and Vladivostock in her hands, she should require another military port on this coast—except for operations against Japan—it is difficult to say. This sea-front, naturally enough, was found to be owned by Japan, who declined to sell. A diplomatic quarrel finally ended, it is said, in both Powers agreeing that the land should be put up to auction. There the matter rests at present, so far as Korea is concerned.

In another direction, however, and this time at Peking, Japanese influence has been slowly gaining ground. So long as the present Dowager-Empress is in power there can be little hope for China, but there is reason to think that, even so, Japanese counsel has been not altogether disregarded by the Chinese. The visit of the Marquis Ito—one of the ablest and most sagacious Japanese statesmen—to Peking was followed by very significant rumors of an alliance between China and Japan, and caused great alarm at the Russian Legation. We may take it that such an alliance was at least offered by the Japanese, and that efforts were made to show the Chinese the value and sincerity of the offer. It is also a very striking fact that since Ito's mission a Japanese has become political adviser to the Tsung-li-Yamen. Clearly a diplomatic duel is now being fought at Peking between Russia and France on the one hand, and Japan on the other. The attitude of Germany is as usual ambiguous; the honest broker is her rôle, which is as much as to say that she is waiting to see which side will offer the highest commission for her

neutrality. The present fable that Germany has allied herself with England and Japan to obtain the "open door" in the Far East should be received with the utmost reserve. So far as any principle, other than a subdued hostility to England, can be detected in German policy, it is that on no account shall Germany quarrel with Russia. Japan, moreover, is one of Germany's most formidable competitors for the trade of the Far East, as she produces precisely the same class of goods as Germany.

Until, however, she has force on her side, Japan can effect little. Unless her peril is extreme, or her opportunity exceedingly favorable, she is hardly likely single-handed to throw herself upon Russia. She is perfectly aware that, day by day and year by year, the military and naval forces of the Czar in the Far East are growing in strength. She is equally aware that, while for the moment she is fully a match for Russia—perhaps even for Russia and France—in the Far East, she could never hold her own against the fleets which could rapidly be despatched to the Yellow Sea, were these Powers not occupied in Europe. The alliance of some European navy is, therefore, essential to her success.

Within the past few months the fleet of Russia in the Far East has been heavily reinforced. It now consists of three battleships, one of which, the *Petropavlosk*, is on its way out; of six armored cruisers, two of which are of great size and modern type; of one unarmored cruiser; of two armored gunboats, and several smaller craft. Against these, Japan could send to sea two modern and one old battleship; two new armored cruisers and fourteen unarmored ones, for the most part modern ships of the most formidable type; and a host of small craft and torpedo boats. There could be little doubt as to the result: Japan would win.

But Russia is at the present time prosecuting a shipbuilding program of extraordinary magnitude. She has no less than twelve battleships of various sorts and sizes, mostly large, building and completing, and twenty cruisers. Japan's resources do not enable her to keep pace with Russia in this direction; she has only four battleships and four large cruisers in hand, so that the balance tends to incline against her. The Russian ships are being built with the utmost possible despatch. Two, ordered in the United States in 1898, will be ready in 1900; others now completing in Russia are certain to go out to Port Arthur before that date. Then Japan will be inferior to Russia in her own waters, and the danger of a Russian attack upon her will be very great.

An Anglo-Japanese understanding would avert such an attack. It is essential for England's interests that Japan, the only real friend of this country in the Far East, should remain strong, and should not be crushed. The Trans-Siberian railway will, by the end of 1900, be sufficiently advanced to allow of Russian troops being moved by land into Manchuria and down to Port Arthur, so that Russia's position on the mainland, hitherto very weak, will be rendered tolerably secure.

The understanding would take something like the following form. In the first place, each Power would undertake to assist the other with its whole force in the event of the other Power being attacked by a coalition of Powers. Each would have single-handed to face any one Power, and the alliance would only become operative if other armies or navies came into the field. In the second place, the territorial *status quo* in China would be upheld by both Powers, and the maintenance of the "open door" would be insisted upon in existing spheres of influence. In the third place, the pledge of support already given to China by Lord Salis-

bury on behalf of England would be given by the Japanese Government on behalf of Japan. Finally, a naval and military convention would be concluded between the two allies, the minimum force to be maintained by each in the Far East defined, and the dockyards and coaling-stations of each thrown open to the other in time of war. It will be observed that the understanding or alliance would be defensive and conservative, not offensive and aggressive. No new liabilities would be assumed by England, for it is even now obvious that we could never allow Japan to be badly beaten by a great alliance against her. It is just as much to Japan's interest to see that England is not driven from the seas or dislodged from her foot-hold in the Far East.

Against the suggested alliance certain objections might be urged by our British mugwumps, who are remarkable for nothing so much as for a certain hysterical Russophilism. The wise Englishman must shun the opposite poles of Russophobia and Russophilism, as both are equally misleading. If Russia will moderate her ambitions there is no reason why England or Japan should quarrel with her; indeed, it is perfectly possible that the present Czar, who is trusted in England for his sincerity, would understand that such an agreement really made for peace, as it would have a restraining influence upon Jingoism in Russia, Japan, and England. A defensive alliance to maintain the *status quo* is no act of hostility to Russia, which Power would thus be convinced that she will not be permitted to oust British and Japanese trade from the vast empire of China, or permanently, for her own selfish interests, to obstruct reform in the most populous and worst administered country of the world.

The first objection to a Japanese alliance is that the Japanese are

Asiatics and not Christians. Would it be treason to the great ideals on which the British Empire has its foundations, as upon "the holy hill," to league ourselves with Japan? It matters nothing to us that our good friends, France and Russia, have striven to use against us virtual pagans such as the Abyssinians. I say "pagans," since a very thin veneer of debased Christianity does not make Menelik and his tribesmen Christians in the true sense, much less civilized. The horrible atrocities inflicted by the Abyssinians upon their hapless Italian prisoners proved that. Nor does it matter that France was ready to aid the Khallifa against the British when she sent Marchand to Fashoda. If we had copied French methods there would have been no British Empire to-day.

But what is wrong in policy is, not so much to aid the yellow against the white, the non-Christian against the Christian, as to further the cause of evil against the cause of good. That is the true "lie in the soul," which can never be forgiven a nation. For us, then, the real question is, does Russia or Japan represent the higher moral standard in the Far East? I think there can be little doubt as to the answer. Russian administration, though infinitely superior to Chinese or Persian, is corrupt wherever it goes. It does not seek to raise the moral standard. Education and freedom are blessings which cannot be readily bestowed by a military despotism. The aims of Russia are purely selfish, and they are only too often realized by the deliberate breach of her most solemn assurances. The fate of Finland in the West shows that she has no compunction and no regard for the moral law.

Japan, on the other hand, is a state of the highest type. Though very different views of the Japanese character have been taken by various English observers, from my own knowledge I can account for the discrepancy. The

Anglo-Saxon who admires Japan is the man who has lived his life away from the English residents of the Treaty Ports, among the Japanese. The detractors of Japan are, without exception, men identified with the Treaty Ports or casual globe-trotters. There are many reasons why we should be cautious in accepting their evidence. When we consider what Japan has achieved in a generation we shall be charitable in our judgment. She is educating her whole people, realizing that education is a national force, the value of which cannot be overlooked. She is teaching them to govern themselves that they may govern others. She has adopted representative government, and conferred absolute liberty of speech and thought. Nowhere outside Anglo-Saxondom can such freedom in the true sense be found. And while doing this Japan has shown that she can wage war in a civilized manner. I am quite aware that the Port Arthur massacres will be flung in her face, yet there is no soldiery in the world that, under such provocation as her men received, would not have broken loose from all restraint. This was absolutely the only instance of savagery in the war, for the affair of the Kowshing and Naniwa is now known to wear quite a different complexion from that which was at the time placed upon it.

The fall of such a state as this would be a catastrophe for civilization. Russia and Japan are the only two Powers which can occidentalize China, and of the two, for the reasons already given, Japan is in the best position to do the work. A China modelled on Japan would be infinitely better for the world than a China modelled on Russian ideals, or absorbed by Russia. The Japanese themselves, in their civilizing and colonizing work, have copied England. Their administration in Formosa is less a plagiarism than an

adaptation of our methods in India. It has been bitterly attacked by missionaries, however, who are, for many reasons, prejudiced against the Japanese, and whose criticisms, like those of the Treaty-Port Europeans must therefore be discounted.

As an ally Japan would be invaluable. The fact that her interests are our interests makes it certain that she will give us the most loyal support. Her navy is excellent, if small; her officers and seamen are well instructed, capable, and brave; her dockyards are close to the probable theatre of war in the Far East. Her army is fast growing in numbers, and proved its efficiency and thorough organization in 1894-5, when, without an effort, she placed 120,000 men in the field. Since then far-reaching changes have taken place; the good has been steadily bettered; the education of the privates has been improved; the newest weapons adopted, and the numbers greatly augmented. At a time when the great armies of Europe—excepting only the German—are still unprovided with quick-firing field guns, and when we are sending to South Africa a makeshift adaptation, Japan is turning out quick-fire 12-pounders by the hundred for her field batteries. To-day she can count upon placing in the field an army of 190,000 men, with 400 to 500 guns, after all her fortresses are garrisoned and strong reserves left at the various bases. By 1905 her army on the war footing will muster 540,000, with a field force of at least 240,000. The smoothness and rapidity with which she threw her forces into Korea, into Shantung, and into Liao Tong in the late war, prove that she could easily transfer her formidable field army to China, were it there required. Such a force, supported by the British fleet, would have no difficulty in capturing Port Arthur, and, even after the Siberian railway has been completed,

could only be met by Russia with extreme difficulty.

In physique the Japanese are very inferior to the Western races; but this, probably, is due to insufficient physical training and the want of nourishing food. Already a great change is noticeable. Mr. Hearn, about 1894, and Lord Charles Beresford, in 1899, have remarked upon the recent improvement in physique. "It was so apparent," says Lord Charles, "that I questioned the officers as to the reason. They said that the fact was perceived with the greatest satisfaction throughout the whole Empire, and that it was accounted for by the physical exercises the men had to perform . . . as well as the change of diet." And the mortality from sickness and disease—the real test of capacity to stand hard work and exposure—was very small in the Japanese army during the war, and this though there was much marching and fighting in the most inclement climates.

As for the spirit and courage of the Japanese, both are beyond dispute. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese have always been a fighting race. They have the highly developed sense of personal honor, which creates the brave soldier, as the old custom of *hari-kari* showed. In the war with China they showed both obstinate courage and admirable skill in the only really contested battle—that of the Yalu. The hits made by their guns upon a single one of the Chinese ironclads were more than twice as numerous as the hits made by the American fleet upon all six of Cervera's ships at Santiago. Though *The Spectator*, some years ago, argued that the Japanese could not properly handle modern weapons, and adduced as an illustration the supposed fact that the Yoshino failed to capture a number of old Chinese torpedo-boats, which in the blockade of Wei-hai-Wei dashed out of that port, it was utterly wrong. The

writer has since learnt from Japanese officers who were on board the cruiser, that she steamed nineteen to twenty knots, and caught every one of the torpedo-boats. It is an indisputable fact that *all* were taken or sunk. British naval officers who witnessed the handling of the Japanese ships throughout the war are loud in their praise of the Japanese *personnel*. Between the two navies there is already a feeling of warm friendship. I have myself dined in a British ward-room with the officers of a great Japanese battleship, and noted with what enthusiasm the East and the West fraternized.

I need not weary my readers with illustrations of Japanese devotion. We have only to turn to the pages of any history of the war of 1894-5 to find them by the dozen. To die for his country is the highest ambition of the Japanese soldier or seaman. For the Japanese the dead come back and tarry for a hundred years with the living. "There are no Japanese dead who do not return," says a typical Japanese. "There are none who do not know the way. From China and from Chosen, and out of the bitter sea, all our dead have come back—*all*! They are with us now. In every dusk they gather to hear the bugles that called them home. And they will hear them also in that day when the armies of the Son of Heaven shall be summoned against Russia." The influence of such a belief, so fervently, so passionately held, upon the national life is difficult to exaggerate. It stimulates to self-sacrifice; and the fact that all the departed great ones are held by every Japanese to be at his side nerves the soldier to the utmost heroism, the statesman to sink self and seek the nation's interests. This is precisely the feeling which, as Captain Hoenig has pointed out in his "*Untersuchungen über die Taktik der Zukunft*," is needed in the

modern soldier. It is the ignorant campaign waged by the missionaries against this beautiful and not un-Christian belief in the actual presence of the dead on earth that has so hampered their work. For Japan rightly feels that the belief is one essential to her national life and to her military efficiency.

The third Great Power which is deeply interested in upholding the "open door" in the Far East is the United States. Whether, however, the interest will pass for the present beyond the platonic stage is a little doubtful. American public opinion has, as yet, hardly realized that, now America has become a world-Power, hated and feared by Continental Europe as no Power is except England, she must have a world-policy. It is true that the vast naval expenditure proposed by her for 1900 indicates the intention of making her voice felt in the Far East in the future. Henceforward it looks as though she would become the second naval Power in the world, for, spending £15,000,000 a year on her navy, she will be surpassed only by England. The performances of her fleet in the Spanish war have given it a reputation for efficiency unsurpassed anywhere. She could hardly permit Japan to be crushed, for Japan is very friendly to the United States, while any disturbance of the *status quo* in the Western Pacific would be most detrimental to the interests of the American Pacific States and to future prospects in the Philippines. But in view of the fact that American opinion is likely to crystallize on this subject, and eventually to favor a defensive alliance with Japan, the Japanese have a fresh reason for postponing any struggle with Russia. A year hence the Presidential Election in the United States will have been held, and the foreign policy of the American Cabinet for at least four

years will be an ascertainable quantity. Though the Russian fleet may then heavily outnumber the Japanese, the British and, perhaps, the American squadrons in the Far East will also have been correspondingly strengthened, while the Japanese, safe against Russian predominance in Peking, will have steadily advanced. Time, therefore, is on the Japanese side.

Against these considerations, which suggest the expediency of Japan's setting her face against all rash action, there are, however, two influences making for immediate war, which cannot be overlooked. The first is the intense exasperation produced by the presence of Russia in Port Arthur—a place which Japan regards as her own, fairly acquired by the war with China. The second is the favorable opportunity offered by the Great French Exhibition, which has done so much already to keep France quiet, and which may, in the opinion of Japanese statesmen, prevent her from coming to Russia's aid should war break out in the spring of 1900. Such an opportunity is not likely to recur, and, if they despair of an understanding or alliance with any of the Great White Powers—with England or the United States,—it is possible that the Japanese may determine to seize time by the forelock. The Far East at the present moment resembles nothing so much as a powder magazine, and the smallest spark might at any moment produce a terrible explosion. It should be the aim of Great Britain, as a Power friendly to Japan and not necessarily hostile to Russia, to show the Japanese that they need fear nothing from France in the future, and as far as possible to reconcile Japanese and Russian ambitions. This would remove all reason for a war, and with moderation on either side might even effect a permanent settlement.

THE KIDNAPPING OF MR. WEEKS.

Mr. Richard Weeks, sub-editor on the staff of the *Morning Observer*, was a modest man, without ambition, and his selection by the Fates for an astonishing adventure showed feminine malice. It also showed a gay humor, but this aspect of the choice was wasted upon him.

Mr. Weeks left the office of his paper one fine April morning at ten minutes past three. He passed along Fleet Street and the Strand, and turned over Waterloo Bridge, as he had done a hundred times before. He was bound by the 3.45 A. M. train from Waterloo Station to Wimbledon, where he had a pleasant house and a nice little wife. The streets and the bridge were well lighted, and quiet, and Mr. Weeks walked easily along.

About midday, as the chief sub-editor was sitting down to his breakfast in the suburb of Dulwich, a lady called at his house. She was pretty and young, and in great distress.

"I am Mrs. Weeks," said she, "and Richard never came home last night. Oh, Mr. Western, what *can* have happened?"

"You astonish me," said the chief sub-editor. "At what hour did you leave Wimbledon?"

"At half-past ten."

"I expect Weeks has arrived at home by now. He left the office with me; I caught the 3.15 as usual at Ludgate Hill. But he may have missed his train at Waterloo. In that case he would sleep in a hotel and come down after breakfast. You will probably find him at home."

Mr. Western fell to his coffee and eggs, while poor Mrs. Weeks was comforted by the chief sub-editor's wife.

The chief sub-editor had consoled his visitor with fair words, but duty re-

quired him to doubt his own theory. Journalists, who live in the midst of the unexpected, are awake to the infinite possibilities of facts. So when he breakfasted, Mr. Western wrote a telegram to one of the *Morning Observer's* reporting staff at the House of Commons, calling upon him for service that night at the head office. As the Easter Recess had begun, Mr. Week's place could be inexpensively filled for a short time by unemployed Gallery reporters. Then Mr. Western returned to his guest.

"If you are rested, Mrs. Weeks," he said, "I will go with you to Waterloo and make inquiries."

Mr. Weeks was well known at Waterloo Station, and the porters who had been on duty in the early morning were certain that he had not left by the 3.45 train.

"You see, it is as I said," observed Western, placing Mrs. Weeks in a train for Wimbledon. "You will find him at home dreadfully alarmed at your absence."

A visit to the nearest police station produced no new facts. No accident had occurred on Mr. Weeks's route, and the police proudly dismissed all suggestions of violence.

"Those streets are the best lighted in London, and there is an officer to every hundred yards. Waterloo Road? Ay, Waterloo Road is queer sometimes at night, but half-past three is morning. It is all full of market carts and Covent Garden lads going to work. The gentleman will turn up when he chooses."

The telegram which awaited Mr. Western's return to Dulwich ran as follows: "He is not home.—Laura Weeks."

The way in which the staff of the *Morning Observer* received the news

of Week's disappearance showed how firm was their beautiful confidence in his moral character. Indeed, there was no room in the man's simple life for a secret intrigue. He passed from his home to his office, and from his office to his home. His whole time was filled by domestic and official interests. Leisure is the surest test of morals, for one cannot conduct the simplest intrigue without a large supply of time on hand. Mr. Weeks had two enthusiasms—horticulture and politics. In respect of the second he was a journalistic curiosity. Sub-editors, especially those who have spent many years in the gallery of the House of Commons, are a cynical race, and if by favor, or exuberance of talent, they become leader-writers, their lightness of conviction makes them the more efficient. Neither age nor the crushing disappointment that comes with experience could abate the fervid radicalism of Mr. Weeks. His party leaders were his ideals of human greatness, and into the personal likeness of one of them it was his weakness to believe that he daily grew.

"Ah!" Mr. Weeks had often murmured as he looked into his glass and traced on his own countenance the noble ministerial features of Mr. B—, "Ah, if only I had gone into the House!"

Twelve days passed, and Mr. Weeks's disappearance had almost become ancient history in the quickly moving life of the Morning Observer office. On the thirteenth evening he walked into the sub-editor's room.

"Good evening," said Mr. Weeks.

He was a few minutes late, and all his colleagues were present. Inquiries roared round him as he sat down.

"Chuck me over some copy," said Mr. Weeks.

Western tossed him a bundle of telegraphic "flimsy," which represented a political speech, and the adventurer bent to his work with eagerness.

"Where have you been?" roared every one again.

"Let us get the copy out of the room," said Mr. Weeks. "Gallery man, you are not wanted any more. Go home."

Not then or at any future time, did Weeks make his amazing adventures generally known. To all inquiries he opposed a smooth-shaven, inscrutable face; the man was magnificent, Napoleonic. He told the editor, and it was whispered that he was frequently to be seen at the Home Office. He moved for a few bright days about the lofty heights on which editors and cabinet ministers dwell, and then he came tumbling back in cheerful content to his sub-editorial valley. But the secret was kept, and I should not be able to disclose it now if Mr. Weeks were my only source of information.

"There is no doubt—no doubt at all. He crosses Waterloo Bridge every morning at half-past three on his way to Wimbledon, where he lives."

"But his town house is in Arlington Street. Cabinet ministers do not live in Wimbledon."

"Perhaps Monsieur B— has an appointment."

"An appointment which he keeps at four o'clock every morning! Are you sure that you know the man?"

"I have no doubt at all. I have often looked on his devilish face in the House, and at his pictures in Punch. It is the man."

"Ah well. Tomorrow he must not keep the appointment, and madame—or is it mademoiselle?—will be disappointed. It pierces my heart to be so impolite, but the call of duty is urgent."

Mr. Weeks walked easily across the bridge; he had no need for hurry. It was a pleasant morning, and though quite dark there was a smell of dawn in the air. Few people, except journal-

ists and night cabmen, know how fresh London smells when the working life is almost still. Early risers have the opportunity of knowing, but they are too full of sleep to be observant.

At the Surrey end of the bridge a broad flight of stone steps leads down to the river. At the top is an iron railing with an open gate. As Mr. Weeks passed the open gate his hat fell off. He stooped to pick it up, and something struck him violently under the chin. Then many hands seized him. He did not struggle, but instantly whipped out the police whistle which he always carried. The mouthpiece was between his teeth, and this story had nearly been spoiled, when a hard substance—it was a man's wristbone—ground into his windpipe. The whistle sighed ineffectively, and Mr. Weeks was carried down the stone steps. At the foot a small steam launch lay rocking. She was smartly fitted up, and carried the lights of respectability. Mr. Weeks was placed on board with tenderness, his captors followed, and the smart little launch steamed slowly up the river.

As soon as the vessel started all restraint was removed from the victim of this intolerable insult. His whistle was taken away, but he was apparently free to make as much natural noise as he pleased. Men stood near him with their faces decorously turned away. Mr. Weeks did not shout, because he was a man of intelligence. He gave one look round and sat down. The business-like—almost professional—air of the boat, and the serenity of her crew, impressed him as no threats could have done.

"They do not gag me, or sit on my head," he thought, "because I am entirely in their power. Oh, confound the idiots!—I shall lose my train!"

He turned to a man beside him and spoke hurriedly.

"Please empty my pockets and take

my watch, and then set me ashore at Charing Cross, so that I may catch my train. My wife will be frightened out of her wits."

"Monsieur misunderstands," said the man. It was he who knew the devilish face of Mr. B—. "We do not want your money or your watch."

"But my poor wife?"

"Monsieur's wife must be content to be disappointed. Monsieur need not fear; we are discreet, and shall not tell how he failed of his appointment."

"Appointment!" groaned Mr. Weeks. "The man is some foreign ass. He does not know what English words mean."

The launch was running along with the tide under her, and presently Mr. Weeks saw the great tower of Westminster close beside him. He looked up. The hands on the big yellow clock face pointed to a quarter to four. His train was lost!

"Poor Laura," sighed Mr. Weeks. "She will suffer the most horrid anxiety. I would kick these prosperous pirates all round if I were not afraid they would make my poor girl a widow."

With his train departed also, curiously enough, a great deal of his irritation. The worst had happened, and Mr. Weeks cloaked himself in what he considered to be philosophic gloom. It was that kind of unexact gloom which permits of personal enjoyment. Gradually, as one learning a lesson bit by bit, Weeks became conscious of the extraordinary beauty of the scene through which he was passing. The river glittered like a shivered mirror, and the ribbon of lights on the Middlesex shore, with their quivering reflections below, wrapped round the horizon. The boat moved among leaping stars, and plunged, like a circus horse, through a hoop of fire whenever she passed a bridge. The bridges, too, for the most part bleak, iron girders by day, were

dazzling mazes, airy as cobwebs, in the mysterious darkness.

Mr. Weeks knew the bridges every one, and ticked them off as they slid past.

"That is Lambeth. Now for Vauxhall." His breath whistled as the vessel drove into a black wall. "By Jove, how narrow! This skipper is a lovely cox." His mind darted away twenty years, and he heard again the roar which repays "a good Grassy." "Grassy gets all the shouts," he reflected. "But, after all, Ditton is the more difficult corner, by all odds, especially when the left bank is crowded up by boats full of women. Chelsea is a long time coming."

The boat dived through the dark railway bridge, and slipped safely under the broad band of roadway, which seemed a world too heavy for its delicate supports. "A suspension bridge looks terrifying at night," thought Mr. Weeks. "Trees! That must be Battersea Park, and that the Chelsea Embankment." He gasped again as the launch squeezed under the threatening Albert Bridge. "There is nothing like habit," murmured he. "I wouldn't steer this desperate vessel for fifty pounds. Where the deuce are we going?"

They were close in under the Surrey shore, and the high buildings on the Battersea wharves almost overhung the funnel. Then the screw stopped and the launch grated against a small wooden pier. Weeks heard the whisper of a whistle, and two or three figures appeared.

"Pardon me," said a voice beside him. A cloth was flung over his head, and he was lifted on to the pier. Then he was carried for a few yards, driven in some vehicle for a few minutes, and carried up many stone steps. A door slammed, and he was set down in a chair and the cloth removed.

Mr. Weeks found himself in a com-

fortably-furnished bedroom. A good carpet covered the floor, "art" paper was on the walls, and an electric lamp glowed over the bed. The man with whom he had spoken on the boat stood at his side.

"You are tired, sir," he said, "and will be glad to rest. At what hour will it please you to be called?"

"At one o'clock," said Mr. Weeks, calmly; "and then send the doctor to me."

"The doctor, monsieur?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Weeks, "the doctor."

He wound his watch, undressed, and lay down.

"A spring mattress," he murmured, joyfully; "I suspected feathers." Then he fell asleep, so strong is daily habit, and his last waking thought was, "I am evidently in a private lunatic asylum."

When he awoke the tireless watcher was sitting beside the bed.

"It is a little before one," observed the man.

"Nevertheless I will get up," said Mr. Weeks. And he did so. He was conducted to a bath-room, where he was allowed to splash in private; and presently, fully dressed, was led along a passage to a morning room.

"I am assuredly in a flat," observed Mr. Weeks to himself, "and the place seems to be organized entirely for my entertainment. I doubt the theory of a lunatic asylum."

He sat down before an excellent breakfast and ate with appetite. Then he took out his pipe and tobacco-pouch.

"Smoking allowed?"

"Monsieur will please himself," observed the guardian or attendant, politely.

"Hum!" muttered Weeks. "He would be less sleekly polite if I tried to bolt."

"Hi!" he said presently. "Do you keep the Morning Observer?"

The man pressed a bell, and a serv-

ant, in response to an order, brought several newspapers.

"The Times, Standard, Telegraph, Observer, Post—this is real luxury," and Mr. Weeks settled down to a debauch of news.

The afternoon was advanced when a knock was followed by the entrance of a rather fine-looking man. He was a foreigner, evidently, but he was dressed quietly and well like an English gentleman. This was the second of those two nameless persons whose conversation has been reported in this narrative.

"You may go," said the new-comer to Mr. Weeks's attendant.

The man sat down opposite Weeks, and studied his face with close attention.

"I am delighted to see you," he said, at last. "I have seen you before, but never quite so close."

"You have had an inestimable privilege."

The man smiled. "You take things coolly."

"I have had no choice," retorted Mr. Weeks with asperity. "Your people picked me up, dumped me in a boat, carried me here, put me to bed, dressed me this morning, and fed me. Now they permit me to smoke and read the papers. I would curse with deep and excessive profanity if it were of any use."

"You might have shouted or tried to escape."

"And I might have been chucked into the river. I'm not a fool."

"Have you any idea as to our reasons for bringing you here?"

"Not a notion," answered Mr. Weeks with emphasis. "I cannot imagine a more foolish proceeding. When I think of the time, trouble, and good money wasted over your insignificant capture, I come near losing my appetite with vexation."

"Oh, come. Hardly insignificant?"

"Absolutely insignificant. Of no account at all, except to my wife."

"You English love to be thought modest. I see distinction in every feature."

"Then my features are most misleading," said Mr. Weeks. "They should at once be altered."

"Can I do anything for your comfort?"

"Lots of things. Let me go, for one."

The visitor shook his head.

"Well, let me send a message to Wimbledon."

"Ah, to mademoiselle? Or is it madame? You have gallantry as well as courage."

"I want to send a telegram to Mrs. Weeks—to my wife."

"To Mrs. Weeks—to your wife! So. Shall I compose a message to—your wife?"

He seized a sheet of paper.

"To Mrs. Weeks—Rose Cottage? Thank you. To Mrs. Weeks, Rose Cottage, Wimbledon Park. I am unexpectedly detained. Hope to return safely in a few days.—Reginald."

"My name chances to be Richard," said Mr. Weeks, dryly.

"Is it? How strange that I should have written Reginald! Doubtless you are always called Richard—at Rose Cottage—Wimbledon Park."

The telegram was sent off, and Mr. Weeks felt great relief. His wife's anxiety would be considerably allayed, and the paper would not be seriously inconvenienced as long as the recess lasted. He lit a fresh pipe, and turned savagely on his visitor.

"Perhaps, sir, you will kindly explain the meaning of this outrage. I can only suppose your agents and yourself have made some absurd mistake."

"There has been no mistake, Mr. B—," said the other, slowly.

Mr. Weeks started and in an instant he grasped a full half of the truth. So his likeness to the famous Home Secretary, Mr. B—, that precious likeness

over which he had exulted many a time before his looking-glass, had actually misled these admirable ruffians into kidnapping him instead of B—. What triumph! What "distinction" there must really be "in every feature" which he possessed! He glowed with joy. And, whether his captors believed him or not, B— was safe for the time. Only the previous evening Weeks had sub-edited a paragraph announcing the Home Secretary's departure for Scotland.

"Have you seen the Morning Observer?" asked Mr. Weeks, suddenly.

The man looked surprised. "No," he said.

In a moment Weeks's practised eye had hunted out the paragraph, and he thrust it under his visitor's nose.

"Look at that," he cried, "you unparal-
leled ass!"

The man read, and his eyes glittered with passion.

"Liar!" he shouted; "liar! It is a forgery!"

"It is not a forgery," calmly retorted Mr. Weeks. "I sub-edited the par myself."

"And who the devil are you?"

"I am Richard Weeks, sub-editor on the staff of the Morning Observer."

There was a silence in the room for some minutes, and then the tall foreigner stood up.

"I know nothing, and believe nothing. I will leave you, in order that inquiries may be made. Everything which you may require—"

"Thanks," said Mr. Weeks, amiably; "I will spare no expense."

Mr. Weeks had finished dinner on the following evening before his imposing visitor returned. The dinner was admirable—he had ordered it himself—and the cigars and claret, which he had also ordered, were without reproach.

"There is a quite peculiar pleasure,"

he murmured, "in feeding handsomely at the expense of the enemy."

When his visitor arrived Weeks was in excellent humor.

"Sit down, my good fellow," he cried, "and have a cigar. You may as well, for you've paid for them."

The man lit a cigar and smoked sadly.

"Mr. B— has gone away. It is said to Scotland; but servants are paid to lie in the interests of their masters' intrigues. I do not know that you are not he."

"You'll know pretty soon when he comes back."

"It is possible. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime I shall live in surpassing comfort. The sweet thought bears me up. When you are tired of running me as a non-paying guest, a visit to the office of the Morning Observer—"

Mr. Weeks's visitor, and host, glared at him.

"Do you say that you are on the staff of the Morning Observer?"

"I do."

The other drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"I was reading that paper this morning and I came upon this passage in a leading article. Listen. 'The Government's Bill for the expulsion of suspected anarchists is worthy of the support of the party, but it is at best a small measure. There is but one way of dealing effectively with anarchism, which is, after all, only diseased egotism in one of its allotropic forms. A suspected anarchist should be arrested in secret;—if necessary, executed in secret. Under no circumstances of crime should his name or any indication of his identity be disclosed. Anarchists do not fear death if their names and exploits can fill the columns of all newspapers for a certain number of weeks. Like other weeds, they flourish in the light; like other weeds, they

would wither in the darkness of unbroken secrecy.' "

He read these words with emotion, and then burst out:

"Sir, is it possible that this horrible, this inhuman suggestion emanated from yourself?"

Mr. Weeks shrugged his shoulders.

"Sub-editors do not usually inspire leading articles."

"Ah, you evade me. You are the monster who preach this ghastly doctrine of perpetual obscurity."

"You cannot have me every way, my friend. I cannot very well be the Home Secretary, a sub-editor of the *Morning Observer*, and also a leader-writer. You must sort out my identity a little before you can expect me to defend myself. Come, now," went on Weeks, pleasantly, "suppose for a moment that I am Mr. B—. What was your object in kidnapping me?"

"I intended to exact a pledge that you would drop the anarchists' Expulsion Bill."

"Hum! So you are an anarchist, are you? I thought anarchists were snuffy foreign paupers, who were more afraid of soap than of dynamite."

"Sir, am I unclean? Am I snuffy? Does this room look as if I were a pauper?"

"No. That is what surprises me."

"You are insular, you English."

"We may be, but you people are surprisingly ignorant of us. Do you really suppose that an English minister can drop an important Bill in the middle of a session because you tell him to? He would have to reckon with the party."

"What party?"

"With Mr. B—'s party. With the great Liberal party."

"I have never heard of it," said this amazing anarchist.

Mr. Weeks gasped. Was such ignorance possible? Yet the man seemed honest. He had the look of an interested inquirer.

He was awkward at first, as one might be who tried to explain quick-firing guns to a savage innocent of gunpowder. But after a while he felt his way to first principles, and on these solid foundations he built up the modern Radical program. The audience was interested and rather amused at first, then he became bored, and, at last, nothing but unnatural politeness kept him from falling asleep. It was midnight before Mr. Weeks, who for two hours had been going strong, stopped.

"That is enough as an introduction," he said. "The next time you favor me with a visit we will go more into detail."

The anarchist, bowing courteously, went away in silence, and Mr. Weeks betook himself to bed. He was conscious of having spent a delightful evening.

For more than a week the chief anarchist visited Mr. Weeks every day to see that he was safe and in good health. He did not always wish to stay, but Mr. Weeks prevailed over him. The poor man's politeness was his ruin. Every day Mr. Weeks pinned his miserable auditor into an arm-chair, plied him with cigars and whisky—but not enough of the spirit for oblivion—and talked at him. Heavens, how he talked! To the anarchist the evenings passed in a wild whirling orgy of words, words. He pictured home rule, registration reform, the question of the Lords, as so many bricks designed solely that he might be pelted with them. His mind ached, and his body in sympathy felt bruised. He could talk himself on occasion, and cry "Vive l'Anarchie!" with conviction, but the hard, unemotional, mechanical lecturing of Mr. Weeks struck a chill to his heart. Politics, to his mind, were less systematic and more exciting.

Mr. Weeks, in spite of his natural irritation at restraint, profoundly en-

joyed his captivity. Engaged in a sacred duty, he was grandly unconscious of the anarchist's merciless boredom; he regarded him as a possible convert, and his soul glowed with missionary enterprise. He was magnificent, if slightly inhumane.

On the last day of Mr. Weeks's detention his visitor came in earlier than usual. The man had lost some of his bloom during his late severe experiences. His clothes hung on him without fit; he was deteriorating fast.

"Mr. B— has come home," he said, simply.

"And I?" cried Weeks.

"You may go when you please."

Cornhill Magazine.

"You are very good. On my word, I am quite sorry to stop our charming evenings."

"Mr. Weeks has been most obliging—and instructive."

"But how about B——?" asked Weeks, anxiously. "Are you going to have another try at him?"

"I think not. We could only threaten to kill him, or to blow up his house and family, if he refused us. But these things would seem small to him. Has he not endured many years of your House of Commons?"

"What do you mean?"

But Mr. Weeks never received an explanation.

Bennet Copplestone.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

Their breezes bear the orange scent,
About their groves the wild doves drone.
The sunshine girds their shores. Content
Has made them utterly her own.
But far they lie—Ah, far
Beyond the tossing bar,
Beneath the sunset, and alone.

The long lagoons are lapped in calm,
The sands are ringed with surfless sheen;
The shadows slant from palm to palm,
Across the aisles of evergreen.
But dim they lie—Ah, dim
Upon the utmost brim
Of sea and sunset, faintly seen.

Within thine eyes I gaze, and there
The chart is plain. Ah, Sweetheart, be
My pilot while the winds are fair.
Come then, Beloved, sail with me.
For near they draw—Ah, near,
And clear they grow—Ah, clear,
Beneath the sunset on the sea.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Frank Saville.

THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE.

Time, which brings in its train such changes as parish councils, steam-rollers, and other similar boons, has not spared the village church. Square pews, where "a body med sleep comfer'ble like, wi'out all the par'sh knaw-in' on't," have been swept away, white-washed walls have been colored, and many other modest ornaments and improvements introduced. Some of these caused grave misgivings in the minds of the congregation. The reredos, which was sufficiently devoid of artistic merit to have found favor in the eyes of the most rigorous Protestant, was particularly obnoxious—the Greek characters, Alpha and Omega, and the unobtrusive cross with which it was adorned, being regarded as Popish symbols that had no part nor place in "our rec-ligion." The substitution of a heating apparatus for stoves, with long, black pipes soaring upward through the roof, met with no small opposition and ridicule on account of the predilection hot-water pipes are known to entertain for bursting at ill-considered moments. Subsequent experience, however, having demonstrated the falseness of this idea, the parish is now of opinion that "'eatin' that ther' church is the best thing as parson 'ave a done sence a come year!" The innovation that aroused the deepest disapproval was the institution of a harvest festival, which was "anuff to mek the old parson turn in 'is grave, 'um wur; wotiver do us want wi' a festival then? Yen't us allus had the harvest right anuff a-foor, wi'out slich foolishniss as a thanksgivin'?" Dressing up the church with flowers and corn, forsooth! "We've nothen to say agen a bit o' holly stuck in the pews at Christmas time, that's on'y nat'ral and seasonable-like; but this year's a-turnin'

the place into a whee-ut field an' a garden full an' wholly." Yet, such is the inconstancy of man, that in these latter days the once reprobated service is the favorite of the year, the one occasion when the farm-hands are not ashamed to come in their working-garb, when malcontents lay aside their differences and appear within the walls of the sacred edifice. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables are freely given by the people, and much interest is taken in the decorations, where ingenuity sometimes outstrips beauty. The writer remembers seeing in a remote village church the model of a wheat-rick; it was made of corn, was thatched and surrounded by a miniature railing. The whole was completed by a tiny swing-gate, and evoked intense admiration, not unmingled with envy, in the breasts of visitors from other parishes that did not boast a similar work of art among their harvest adornments. Modern services, in country as in town, are shorter and more numerous than formerly. To such an extent does such a desire for "liveliness" prevail in these days of amusement, that the musical portion, formerly a plant of modest growth, has expanded until, as the rustic observed, "in a good few places 'um sings everythink 'ceptin' 'tis the sarmin, and mebbe a-foor long they'll sing 'e too." Unhappily, in too many cases, singing is synonymous with noise rather than music; this, however, adds to instead of detracting from the pleasure of assisting in its creation. The harmonium has been replaced by an organ, the playing of which is keenly criticised by the congregation. "'E do mek 'un sound out strong an' loud; we can year 'un all up-strit," is high commendation; but "'E just about punishes that organ an' chucks 'is 'ands about,"

is infinitely higher. An indifferent performer is dismissed with the cutting remark that "'e plays all a-one-sided," while mere mediocrity is "nothen to mek a fuss about." As may be expected, the sermon comes in for a shrewd amount of attention from these village critics. Length is not so much a matter of importance as matter and delivery; these, again, fade into insignificance before the vital question whether the discourse be written or extempore. "I can't a-be'r they sarmlints as be read," remarked an old villager to the writer, "they ben't niver worth listenin' to, an' you med just as well set a school-bwoy up in pulpit to rade 'un clane out o' a book." The "thunder and lightning" style is not objected to as an occasional dose of spiritual stimulant, provocative of "shuckettin's and trimbles," and heart-searchings of too slight a character to prove inconvenient, but for ordinary use a simple homily is preferred, "sa plain that a chille can un'erstand 'un, an' we old folks has narra mossel o' trouble to fol-ler'n." The extempore sermon, however, must be both lucid and connected, or it will draw down on the preacher more ridicule than a written one. "Wot-iver wur 'e drivin' at, then? Aye, but that's moor'n 'e could tell 'ee 'isself; a didn't sim to know wher' a wur goin' nor wher' a come from. 'Twur all anyhow, an' text niver come in at all as I could see. Call that a sarmint! I calls 'un a kind o' wanderin' chatter, that's what I does." The following is a *résumé* by a village mother of a discourse which appears to have aroused some resentment in the minds of herself and her friends:—

"I cassn't say wher' a got 'is text from, nor how a car'd it along, but toward the middle a telled we as our children wur like a tower as wur builded all the wik and Sunday, at day-school an' Sunday-school. Then, on the Saturday they bides a-twoam, and

out comes three or fower o' the bricks, so as the tower fells all down and has to be started afresh. That's as much as you med say, that the good things what they be teachd in schoold is swep' out on 'um by their mothers an' fathers on the Saturday, which is the m'anin' o' pullin' out the bricks, 'ee knaw. Rum kind o' sarmint I call 'un, to tell we as we be doin' the children hurt."

Autre temps, autres mœurs, and with the old-fashioned service the Sunday that matched it has vanished also. Working in the allotments, which have passed from the parson's hands to those of the parish council, visiting or receiving friends, now occupy the day. The church that used to be full is, in many rural districts, half empty, the bond of outward observance sitting especially loosely on the present generation. The majority of the small tenant-farmers attend with praiseworthy assiduity, if there is any profit to be made thereby; otherwise they are conspicuous by their absence. The men, taking their cue from their employers, come when there is nothing more exciting to do; many say that they "cassn't see as it meks a lot o' difference wher' a body sez their prayers and reads their Bible; you med just as well do't a-twoam as at church;" other absentees take great credit to themselves for abstaining entirely. "Well, if I dwun't goo to church, parson cassn't say as I goos to chapel!" To this class belong those who perform their religious duties by proxy, as in the case of a father who, though he never enters a place of worship himself, insists on his children being present at both services. Dire are the thrashings he administers to a boy convicted of playing truant:—"I knaws how children did ought to be brought up, an' though I yen't much of a hand at church goin' myself, I'll take keer as they has plenty. I holds by church, I does, an' wun't have

'um carryin' on wi' any o' them fancy ree-ligions." The last is an allusion to the Salvation Army which for some years maintained a footing in the village. At first it enjoyed great popularity, the pleasure and profit of beholding a neighbor seated on the stool of repentance far outweighing the inconvenience of a collection at every meeting. Gradually, however, the excitement faded, while the plate remained. The people either returned to their former careless ways, or to the church's fold, where "'ten't all take and no give," and the Salvation detachment was eventually compelled to strike tents and seek a more responsive locality. Side by side with this neglect of divine worship there exists in the minds of the people an almost superstitious belief in the efficacy of regular attendance as a means of salvation. "Wher' do I expec' to goo when I dies?" exclaimed a rustic with indignant surprise, when questioned as to his future hopes by an over-curious friend. "Wher' do I expec' to goo? why, to heaven a-coorse; I've niver done nothink wrong, an' I tends church reg'lar!" A wife, speaking of a sickly husband, remarked that "'twud be much better, as I tells 'un, if 'e'd goo now, 'cause 'e'll be fust to goo, 'ee know, when 'e's car'd ther'."

The occasional services of the church are highly prized; it is seldom that a marriage takes place at the registrar's office, and the most rigid Nonconformist looks forward to being buried in the churchyard with the Prayer-book read over him, not by his own minister, but by the parson himself. Baptism is regarded as a kind of moral prophylactic, —a ceremony which no self-respecting parent would suffer his child to miss; not only does it safeguard the latter against the consequences of all the sins it may commit before confirmation, but it ensures Christian burial in case of

death. That this is no slight consideration the following anecdote will show. One night, in the darkness of mid-winter, a big, awkward ploughboy stole up to the vicarage and asked to see the parson. With many blushes and much shamefacedness he explained that he wished to be baptized, that his mother had never "had it done" to him, and that "'tother young chaps meks game o' I, and calls arter ma down-strit as narra bell wun't goo fur I when I dies." The thought had evidently weighed on his mind, for it required no small amount of courage thus to interview the clergyman, and to have the ridicule of his companions at being "chris'ened same a-sif a wur a baby." Confirmation is, in some respects, a more serious matter than baptism, for then the children take upon themselves the sins which hitherto their sponsors had borne for them, this being the use of god-parents. Any one dying before confirmation goes straight to heaven. "Ther's no sin belongin' to sich as they; their god-faythers and god-mothers has to take it all; bless 'ee, it dwun't matter what they li'e children does, whether 'um swe'rs or tells lies, ther' yen't no sin in 'um whatsoever." It might be inferred that, this being their belief, parents and children would alike regard confirmation as a highly undesirable consummation; this, however, is not the case. For a candidate to be rejected on account of ignorance or bad behavior is considered almost a misfortune, certainly a disgrace. The writer remembers seeing the mother of a large family busy at the wash-tub with a prayer-book propped on the window-ledge before her; while her carter-boys ate their dinner she taught them the Catechism, because, as she said, "Parson telled 'um they didn't know their sacree-ments, an' I dwun't want my sons ig'orant o' what they ought to know." Notwithstanding the foregoing, there is much simple, child-

like piety to be found among the village poor, particularly among those whose span of life is drawing to a close. They face death with absolute peace, and, which is a far deeper test, they bear suffering with wondrous patience. It is not long since an old woman re-

The Spectator.

marked: "The pain is hard to put up wi'"—she was laboring under a mortal disease—"but when it sims a'most too bad I prays to the Lord, and it passes aff, for he niver sends we moor'n we can be'r if we looks to Him to help we."

DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY.

The astonishment excited at Washington and Berlin, and, we may add, amongst educated men in this country, by Mr. Chamberlain's luncheon-speech at Leicester was mild in comparison with the surprise which it caused to his own colleagues in the Cabinet. It is a new departure for a minister, however powerful, who is in charge of a department—in this case the Colonial Office—to deal with the diplomatic relations between this country and other nations. That is a task which is, by custom, based on obvious reasons, left to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or, in the most important cases, to the Prime Minister. These offices happen to be at this moment united in the hands of one and the same statesman. Even if it had been true, therefore, that some specific diplomatic understanding had been arrived at between the cabinets of Washington, Berlin, and St. James's as to their future policy so momentous an announcement should have been left to Lord Salisbury to make to the world. Lord Salisbury was debarred at the time from appearing in public, and of course if he authorized the Colonial Secretary to speak for him we have nothing more to say for him on this head. We have, however, very good reasons for asserting that Lord Salisbury did nothing of the kind, and we

can well believe that to no one was this latest development of democratic diplomacy more displeasing. But it was not true that any specific diplomatic understanding had been arrived at between the three cabinets; and, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain's trespass upon the Prime Minister's preserves is still more difficult to defend.

The Times, which has hitherto been regarded as Mr. Chamberlain's special organ in the London press, is driven to explain that the Colonial Secretary has not received a diplomatic training, and that he is accustomed to the loose exaggeration of party platforms. That is a very good reason for leaving diplomacy alone, but hardly an excuse for a gaucherie of the first order, which the speaker was under no necessity to make. Diplomacy is a business in which the principal instrument is fine-edged language: and convention has assigned to certain phrases a definite meaning. In the chanceries of Europe an alliance means an agreement between the contracting Powers to act together in certain contingencies, upon terms which are reduced to writing. The Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy was an instance in point. Does any sane man believe that Great Britain or the United States of America could enter into any such contract with any European Power? Great

Britain and the United States are not European Powers at all, in the Continental sense of the term. England is not likely to embark upon a second Crimean War for the sake of pleasing any Continental sovereign, or for a phrase like the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Does any one, however untrained in diplomacy, believe that Great Britain and the United States are likely to sign a treaty of alliance for offensive and defensive purposes? It is indeed conceivable—we do not say it is probable, but it is possible—that a certain situation might arise in regard to the Chinese Empire, when England, Germany, and America, having a common and well-defined object in view, might conclude a written treaty of combination. But such an event is still, in our opinion, very far off, and can only be provided for when it occurs. Mr. Chamberlain explained, to be sure, that he was not referring to an alliance in the strict sense, and that an “understanding” was better than any writing. This appears to us to be cant of a dangerous kind. Every one has experienced in the ordinary business of this world the danger of relying on an understanding which is not reduced to writing. Understandings are a perennial source of litigation between individuals and of war between nations. We are far from undervaluing the friendly sentiment of Germany or the United States; and we are aware that written treaties only last as long as suits the convenience of the most powerful of the contracting parties. But they endure for a certain time, and Mr. Chamberlain, who, at all events, has had a business training, must be aware that the written word is essential to contractual relations. By all means let us continue to cultivate, assiduously if you will, the friendly feelings of Germany and the United States. But, is Mr. Chamberlain’s the right method? Let the Ger-

man and American press give answer. Ordinary tact teaches a man that the attempt to “rush” a friend into a compromising situation almost invariably defeats itself. Well might Mr. Asquith scornfully exclaim that for the first time Great Britain has taken to “touting and cadging for alliances in the highways and byways.”

There remains Mr. Chamberlain’s declaration that unless the French “mended their manners” the consequences might be very serious. From Lord Salisbury’s lips these words would have been taken as an ultimatum. Justly exasperated as public opinion has been by the ribald blackguardism of a section of the French press, we are not, as a nation, in the habit of noticing obscene and anonymous libels. Cabinet ministers are, after all, supposed to know something of what is going on; and we can hardly suppose that Mr. Chamberlain was ignorant of the fact that, some time before his speech, the President of the French Republic had paid a visit to the British Ambassador in Paris. It does not require a diplomatic training to infer from this marked act that the head of the French nation called for the purpose of repudiating, on behalf of the French Government, the loathsome attacks of the gutter press upon the sovereign of a neighboring and friendly state. The “Entente Cordiale,” which is a kind of dining and debating society, composed mainly of Frenchmen resident in London, has administered, perhaps, the most significant rebuke to Mr. Chamberlain in the message from their members to the Queen, assuring Her Majesty of their unabated love and veneration. Are we really going to pay the scribblers of Paris the compliment of being goaded by their pens into an international quarrel? Mr. Chamberlain has rendered splendid services to the Empire, which cannot be diminished by an un-

fortunate speech. But we shrink back a democratic diplomacy opens to our
appalled from the vista of wars which view.

The Saturday Review.

A DREAM.

I met a man by Isis' stream,
Whose phrase discreet and prudent,
Whose penchant for a learned theme
Proclaimed the Serious Student:
I never knew a scholar who
Could more at ease converse on
The latest Classical Review
Than that superior person.

He spoke of books—all manly sports
He deemed but meet for scoffing;
He did not know the Racquet Courts—
He'd never heard of golfing—
Professors ne'er were half so wise,
Nor Readers more sedate!
He was—I learnt with some surprise—
An undergraduate.

Another man I met, whose head
Was crammed with pastime's annals,
And who, to judge from what he said,
Must simply live in flannels;
A shallow mind his talk proclaimed,
And showed of culture no trace;
One "book" and one alone he named—
His own—'twas on the Boat-race.

"Of course," you cry, "some brainless lad,
Some scion of ancient Tories,
Bob Acres, sent to Oxford *ad*
Emolliendos mores,
Meant but to drain the festive glass
And win the athlete's pewter!"
There you are wrong: this person was
That undergraduate's Tutor.

A. D. Godley.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL IN FRANCE.

When M. Zola published his "Roman Expérimental," which he meant to be the manifesto of the naturalists, as Hugo's preface to "Cromwell" had been that of the romanticists, he felt satisfied that the novel had entered on its final stage, that its form and object were determined forever. His faith in the fortune of what he (not very modestly) called the "novel of the future" was boundless; nature and reality, he declared, were thenceforth to reign alone in literature; facts would take the place of romance; fiction would become scientific. These words, uttered in his loudest voice, had a kind of prophetic ring about them, and the crowd, as usual, wondered and believed.

This was but twenty years ago, and already the supremacy of naturalism is a thing of the past. M. Zola himself must be aware that hardly any of the books of fiction issued from the press in France, during the last few years, bear the typical features which should distinguish his much-praised novel of the future. Indeed, our novels of to-day have but few, very few, characteristics in common—not so much as a family likeness. Far from being all ruled by the principles of naturalism, the authors take their own temperament as their sole guide. Whereas M. France only wishes to philosophize, with amiable scepticism and learned irony, through a plot so thin that we sometimes lose its thread entirely; M. Bourget industriously works up those complicated intrigues which bring out his subtle (so subtle!) studies of psychology; M. Huysmans is a patient hunter after curios in the domain of rare sensations and forgotten art; M. Loti delights in the descriptions of far-

off countries and of sailor's life; and if we had time enough to view separately all the others, MM. Marcel, Pré vost, Barrès, Theuriet, Marguerith, Rod, etc., each of them would exhibit the same independence in the endeavor to attain, after his own way, a purpose of his own. Whether their efforts are likely to meet some day in a general tendency, and they themselves should be regarded as the forerunners of a new movement, I cannot, nor is it my object to, tell. This, at least, is evident, that they are at present the followers of no literary creed, and consequently we may safely maintain our assertion: naturalism has ceased to exist *as a school*.

Its short career, however strange it may seem, when you remember that at one time it threatened to sweep everything away, can yet be accounted for. We must notice, first of all, that the novel is not the only field in which it lost its battle. It was in poetry and in painting that the reaction began, and there it went to the extreme, having now found its ultimate expression in a vague and unsubstantial symbolism—the very reverse of reality. Philosophy and criticism have followed; everywhere we find new tendencies at work. Of course it is hardly possible to ascribe to a mere coincidence the unanimity of the desertion which leaves the banner of naturalism helpless and forlorn. Even if many of the new tendencies could (as I think they can) be traced back to divers influences at home, or to the imitation of foreign models, the mere fact that these influences and models were accepted is ample proof of a deep alteration in the public mind. Naturalism, in its first stage, with Vigny, Gautier, Flaubert,

Courbet, Renan, Taine, had been, whether consciously or not, a form of the general enthusiasm for science, which welcomed the great discoveries of our century; the methods of observation so successfully applied to the study of the material world had been eagerly taken up by men of letters and artists alike; poets, historians, novelists, critics, philosophers and painters had become the impersonal and impassive witnesses of things. So long as this enthusiasm did not subside, naturalism flourished. But our admiration is now more discreet; if we still look up to science with reverence, with gratitude, and hope, too, we no longer expect from it more than it can give. We know that, however far it may extend the area of our vision, we still remain encircled by an impenetrable wall of mysteries, and that all the discoveries which led us to a greater certainty about the actual and the concrete, can but remove farther the fundamental problems of life, not solve them. As

The Speaker.

science failed to satisfy all our longings and inquiries, its claims to an undivided worship were found groundless, and men began to seek elsewhere a refuge for their disappointment. Some found it in scepticism, some in mysticism, others are still in quest. Mysticism and scepticism, together with the vagueness and melancholy they imply, are therefore momentarily the characteristics of our art and literature. If those characteristics appear with less evidence in the novel, though they have undoubtedly stamped their mark on the novel also, we must not wonder; fiction, the most comprehensive and supple form of literature, is an almost unlimited field of experiments, and the pioneers of the reaction are still working there to discover the vein that shall best reward their labors and exactly suit their aspirations and their powers. At all events, the old vein of naturalism has been forsaken there as well as anywhere else, and under the same general impulse.

Charles R. Lepetit.

"COME YE APART."

"Come ye apart into a desert place
And rest awhile." Thus ran the word of One
Whose Father's business filled due time and space,
Through sultry days until the setting sun.
For He who knew the twelfth hour of the day
Comes with its limits to all human scope,
Large spaces made within the life to pray,
And charge the languid pulse with mounting hope.

And us He draws aside: the world may wait,
As for the sun it waits, as for the spring;
As then men waited by the City gate,
And of His absence made great communing.
Who from the world awhile his soul hath not withdrawn
Ne'er kindled yet in rapture of the Easter dawn.

W. Brown-Serman, B.D.

NOVELS AND PREFACES.

Among interesting new books, one may almost place the edition of "Jane Eyre" with a criticism by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The critic *is* a critic, and not a mere eulogist. She recognizes the puzzles and impossibilities of the plot, and the errors which arose from Miss Brontë's personal ignorance of the Rochesters, Baroness Ingrams, and the manners of their society. About them Miss Brontë's information must have been derived from other novels, themselves ill informed. "Heavy, grotesque, without either the truth or the fun of good satire," was only one of the consequences of limitations for which Miss Brontë was not wholly responsible. But when Mrs. Ward criticises what we may call the "machinery" of the novel—the adventures of the fire, the blinding of Rochester, the "phantom voice" which summons Jane to her lover's side—I am not certain that she is not attacking an element in the popularity of the book. It did not win its way merely by the "psychological" interest, great as that is in the character of the heroine, but also by being "horrid" in the sense admired by Miss Austen's Catherine Morland. There is a good deal of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" in "Jane Eyre," and readers, for long unaccustomed to this kind of romance, enjoyed it when they got it. The "modern novelist of feeling and passion," says Mrs. Ward, "prides himself on renouncing the more mechanical and external sort of plot-making." But surely I remember some kind of "phantom," later explained away, even in Mrs. Ward's own "Helbeck of Bannisdale." That figure, I fancy, was founded on a local tradition in Cumberland. Now, Miss Brontë said, as to the "phantom voice," that the thing really happened, apparently in

her own experience. Everything that really happens is not necessarily good to introduce in fiction, but the circumstance was quite in keeping with the Radcliffian character of "Jane Eyre." Now, suppose you cut out of the novel all that Mrs. Ward not unjustly censures; the improbable brutality of Rochester, the phantom voice, the fire, the mad wife who prowls about like a vampire—what, I ask, is left for the "feeling and passion" of Jane Eyre to develop itself upon and around? What, now, will her position be, and of what sort will be her relations to Rochester? The novel would be something totally different from what it is, and we cannot at all imagine how Jane's character would find room to expand; how her courage, devotion, austerity could display themselves. Criticism of this kind is like that of Jeffrey, who wanted Scott to cut the Goblin Page out of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." But, no Page, no Lay. So, no brutal Rochester, no phantom voice, no mad night-wandering wife, and no fire, would result in no "Jane Eyre." Mrs. Ward says that "the strong, free, passionate personality of the writer" is "the sole but sufficient charm of these books." No doubt to Mrs. Ward it is the sole charm, and it is certainly a sufficient charm, but to the world of less critical readers the story was the thing. Now, the story could not exist without the machinery.

Often, in writing "Introductions" more or less critical, to the novels of Scott and Dickens, especially Dickens, I have felt as if it were "seething the kid in the mother's milk." What business had I, what business has anybody, to come with objections and criticisms between the author and his public? I hope that readers to whom these great

classical novels are new will always read the novel before they read the preface. To others, of course, the study of these criticisms is like conversation about the book with somebody who has recently read it. Thus to me, and most people, Mrs. Ward's preface is of high interest. But one ought certainly to have read the novel first; otherwise the critique is apt to take off the pleasure and destroy the bloom of the romance. Perhaps the Introduction ought to be

Longman's Magazine.

purely biographical and bibliographical, an account of the conditions in which the author composed his book. But, somehow, the Introducer is apt to glide into criticism, even into objections. *Peccavi, mea maxima culpa.* Yet we do little harm, or none, if only the student will read the novel—first. And nothing can be more interesting to people familiar with the novels of Miss Brontë than Mrs. Ward's remarks.

Andrew Lang.

FATHERHOOD.

A kiss, a word of thanks, away
They're gone, and you, forsaken, learn
The blessedness of giving; they
(So Nature bids) forget, nor turn
To where you sit and watch and yearn.

And you (so Nature bids) would go
Thro' fire and water for their sake;
Rise early, late take rest, to sow
Their wealth, and lie all night awake
If but their little finger ache.

That storied prince, with wondrous hair,
Which stole men's hearts, and wrought his bale
Rebelling,—since he had no heir,
Built him a pillar in the dale,
"Absalom's," lest his name should fail.

It falls not, tho' the pillar lies
In dust; because the outraged one,
His father, with strong agonies,
Cried it until his life was done,
"O Absalom, my son, my son!"

So Nature bade; or might it be
God? Who, in Jewry once, they say,
Cried with a great cry, "Come to Me,
Children;" who still held on their way,
Tho' He spread out His hands all day.

The Spectator.

H. C. Beeching.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

JAN. 6, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

WHO OWNS THE MOUNTAINS?*

It was the benediction hour. The placid air of the day shed a new tranquillity over the consoling landscape. The heart of the earth seemed to taste a repose more perfect than that of common days. A hermit-thrush, far up the vale, sang his vesper hymn; while the swallows, seeking their evening meal, circled above the river-fields without an effort, twittering softly, now and then, as if they must give thanks. Slight and indefinable touches in the scene—perhaps the mere absence of the tiny human figures passing along the road or laboring in the distant meadows, perhaps the blue curls of smoke rising lazily from the farmhouse chimneys, or the family groups sitting under the maple-trees before the door—diffused a sabbath atmosphere over the world.

Then said the lad, lying in the grass beside me: "Father, who owns the mountains?"

I happened to have heard, the day before, of two or three lumber companies that had bought some of the woodland slopes; so I told him their names, adding that there were probably a good many different owners, whose claims, taken all together, would cover the whole Franconia range of hills.

"Well," answered the lad, after a moment of silence; "I don't see what

difference that makes. Everybody can look at them."

They lay stretched out before us in the level sunlight, the sharp peaks outlined against the sky, the vast ridges of forest sinking smoothly towards the valleys, the deep hollows gathering purple shadows in their bosoms, and the little foothills standing out, in rounded promontories of brighter green, from the darker mass behind them.

Far to the east, the long comb of Twin Mountain extended itself back into the untrodden wilderness. Mount Garfield lifted a clear-cut pyramid through the translucent air. The huge bulk of Lafayette ascended majestically in front of us, crowned with a rosy diadem of rocks. Eagle Cliff and Bald Mountain stretched their line of scalloped peaks across the entrance to the Notch. Beyond that shadowy vale, the swelling summits of Cannon Mountain rolled away to meet the tumbling waves of Kinsman, dominated by one loftier crested billow that seemed almost ready to curl and break out of green silence into snowy foam. Far down the sleeping Landaff valley the undulating dome of Moosilauke trembled in the distant blue.

They were all ours, from crested cliff to wooded base. The solemn groves of firs and spruces, the plumed sierras of lofty pines, the stately pillared forests of birch and beech, the wild ravines, the tremulous thickets of

*From *Fisherman's Luck*. By Henry Van Dyke. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

silvery poplar, the bare peaks with their wide outlooks, and the cool vales resounding with the ceaseless song of little rivers,—we knew and loved them all; they ministered joy and peace to us; they were all ours, though we held no title deed and our ownership had never been recorded.

What is property, after all? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever, by understanding and admiration and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

A gallery of great paintings adorns the house of the Honorable Midas Bond, and every year adds a new treasure to his collection. He knows how much they cost him, and he keeps the run of the quotations at the auction sales, congratulating himself as the price of the work of his well-chosen artists rises in the scale, and the value of his art treasures is enhanced. But why should he call them his? He is only their custodian. He keeps them well varnished, and framed in gilt. But he never passes through those gilded frames into the world of beauty that lies behind the painted canvas. He knows nothing of those lovely places from which the artist's soul and hand have drawn their inspiration. They are closed and barred to him. He has bought the pictures, but he cannot buy the key. The poor art student who wanders through his gallery, lingering with awe and love before the masterpieces, owns them far more truly than Midas does.

Pompous Silverman purchased a rich library a few years ago. The books were rare and costly. That was the reason why Pompous bought his. He was proud to feel that he was the possessor of literary treasures which were

not to be found in the houses of his wealthiest acquaintances. But the threadbare Bücherfreund, who was engaged at a slender salary to catalogue the library and take care of it, became the real proprietor. Pompous paid for the books, but Bücherfreund enjoyed them.

I do not mean to say that the possession of much money is always a barrier to real wealth of mind and heart. Nor would I maintain that all the poor of this world are rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. But some of them are. And if some of the rich of this world (through the grace of Him with whom all things are possible) are also modest in their tastes, and gentle in their hearts, and open in their minds, and ready to be pleased with unbought pleasures, they simply share in the best things which are provided for all.

I speak not now of the strife that men wage over the definition and the laws of property. Doubtless there is much here that needs to be set right. There are men and women in the world who are shut out from the right to earn a living, so poor that they must perish for want of daily bread, so full of misery that there is no room for the tiniest seed of joy in their lives. This is the lingering shame of civilization. Some day, perhaps, we shall find the way to banish it. Some day, every man shall have his title to a share in the world's great work and the world's large joy.

But meantime it is certain that, where there are a hundred poor bodies who suffer from physical privation, there are a thousand poor souls who suffer from spiritual poverty. To relieve this greater suffering, there needs no change of laws, only a change of heart.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of a thousand acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of

God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleanings left for all mankind? The most that a wide principality can yield to its legal owner is a living. But the real owner can gather from a field of goldenrod, shining in the August sunlight, an unearned increment of delight.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

How foolishly we train ourselves for the work of life! We give our most arduous and eager efforts to the cultivation of those faculties which will serve us in the competitions of the forum and the market-place. But if we were wise, we should care infin-

itely more for the unfolding of those inward, secret, spiritual powers by which alone we can become the proprietors of anything that is worth having. Surely God is the great proprietor. Yet all His works He has given away. He holds no title-deeds. The one thing that is His, is the perfect understanding, the perfect joy, the perfect love, of all things that He has made. To a share in this high ownership He welcomes all who are poor in spirit. This is the earth which the meek inherit. This is the patrimony of the saints in light.

"Come, laddie," I said to my comrade; "let us go home. You and I are very rich. We own the mountains. But we can never sell them, and we don't want to."

AN EVENING WITH MRS. HAWTHORNE

I felt very rich that evening when Mrs. Hawthorne put into my hand several volumes of those diaries which carry us so near to the heart of this great writer. As I reverently opened one, it seemed a singular *Sortes Virgilianæ* that my eye should fall first upon this passage, "I am more an Abolitionist in feeling than in principle." It was in a description of some festival day in Maine, when Hawthorne's keen eye had noted the neat looks and courteous demeanor of a party of colored people. It removed at once the slight barrier by which the suspicious conscience of a reformer had seemed to separate me from him. I had seen him but twice,—remotely, as a boy looks at a celebrated man,—but it had always been painful to me that he,

alone among the prominent literary men of New England, should be persistently arrayed on what seemed to me the wrong side. From that moment I convinced myself that his heart was really on our side, and that only the influence of his early friend, Pierce, had led him to different political conclusions.

Then, I remember, Mrs. Hawthorne asked her younger daughter to sing to us; and she sang dreamy and thoughtful songs, such as "Consider the Lilies," and Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and "Too Late." "It is not singing, it is eloquence," said afterwards the proud and loving mother, from whose own thrilling and sympathetic voice the eloquence seemed well inherited. Mrs. Hawthorne had always seemed to dwell in an ideal world, through her own poetic nature as well as through her husband's. I

*From *Contemporaries*. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.

watched her as she sat on her low chair by the fire, while the music lasted; her hair was white, her cheeks pallid, and her eyes full of tender and tremulous light. To have been the object of Hawthorne's love imparted an immortal charm and sacredness to a life that, even without that added association, would have had an undying grace of its own. She having thus lived and loved, *gelebt und geliebet*, it seemed as if her existence never could become more spiritual or unworldly than it already was.

After her children had left us for the night, we sat and talked together; or rather I questioned and she answered, telling me of her husband's home life, and also of his intercourse with strangers; saying, what touched, but did not surprise me, that men who had committed great crimes, or whose memories held tragic secrets, would sometimes write to him, or would even come great distances to see him, and unburden their souls. This was after the publication of the "Scarlet Letter," which made them regard him as the father-confessor for all hidden sins. And that which impressed me most, after all, was her description of the first reading of that masterpiece. For this I have not to rely on memory alone, because I wrote it down, just afterwards, in my chamber,—a room beneath Hawthorne's study, in the tower which he had added to the house.

She said that it was not her husband's custom to sit with her while he wrote, or to tell her about any literary work till it was finished, but that then he was always impatient to read it to her. In writing the "Wonder-Book," to be sure, he liked to read his day's work to the children in the evening, by way of test. She added, that while thus occupied with that particular book, he was in high spirits; and this, as I knew, meant a good deal, for his

daughter had once told me that he was capable of being the very gayest person she ever saw, and that "there never was such a playmate in all the world."

But during the whole winter when the "Scarlet Letter" was being written he seemed depressed and anxious. "There was a knot in his forehead all the time," Mrs. Hawthorne said, but she thought it was from some pecuniary anxiety, such as sometimes affected that small household. One evening he came to her and said he had written something which he wished to read aloud; it was worth very little, but as it was finished he might as well read it. He read aloud all that evening; but as the romance was left unfinished when they went to bed, not a word was said about it on either side. He always disliked, she said, to have anything criticised until the whole had been heard. He read a second evening, and the concentrated excitement had grown so great that she could scarcely bear it. At last it grew unendurable; and in the midst of the scene, near the end of the book, where Arthur Dimmesdale meets Hester and her child in the forest, Mrs. Hawthorne sank from her low stool upon the floor, pressed her hands upon her ears, and said that she could hear no more.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in perfect amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he said. "Then there must be something in it." He prevailed on her to rise and to hear the few remaining chapters of the romance.

To those who knew Mrs. Hawthorne's impressible nature, this reminiscence of hers will have no tinge of exaggeration, but will appear very characteristic,—she had borne to the utmost the strain upon her emotions, before yielding. The next day, she said, the manuscript was delivered to

Mr. Fields; on the following morning he appeared early at the door, and, when admitted, caught up her boy in his arms, saying, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?" He ran upstairs to Hawthorne's study, telling her, as he went, that he (and I think Mr. Whipple) had sat up all night to read it, and had come to Salem as early as possible in the morning. She did not go upstairs, but soon her husband came down, with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room, a different man.

I have hesitated whether to print this brief narrative; and yet everything which illustrates the creation of a great literary work belongs to the world. How it would delight us all, if

the Shakespeare societies were to bring to light a description like this of the very first reading of "Macbeth" or of "Hamlet!" To me it is somewhat the same thing to have got so near to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." So I felt, at least, that evening; and she who had first heard those wondrous pages was there before me, still sitting on the same low chair whence she had slipped to the floor, with her hand over her ears, just as the magician had wrought his spell to its climax. Now his voice and hers, each so tender and deep, and with the modulation of some rare instrument, have alike grown silent, only to blend elsewhere, let us hope, in some loftier symphony.

A LOWLY ONE.*

The lumbering tramway car which runs from the station at Montparnasse to the Arc de l'Etoile was about to start. The only vacant seat was the last but one on the left—a narrow place, scarcely visible between an enormous woman of the middle class, holding a leather bag on her fat knees, and an old man wearing the rosette—doubtless some veteran—with a face that was muddy with bile, eyes of a cold steel-blue, and bitter lips, telling of sleepless nights, and now the first to utter the inevitable words, "Why don't we start?"

At that very moment, when they were said in a sour tone, the car, then in the act of moving, stopped again. A man, short and corpulent, lifted, rather than pushed, by the conductor, was precipitated into the vehicle. With one hand he caught at the straps on the

roof, with the other he held a lawyer's satchel stuffed with books and soiled by usage. Shuffling between the knees he knocked, the toes he trod on, and the umbrellas he displaced, the stranger rolled forward until he reached the vacant place by the fat woman and the veteran. With an "Excuse me!" which neither of them deigned to answer, he subsided into the seat between these formidable neighbors. The veteran gave him a poke with a hard and sharp elbow; the woman overflowed him with her rotundity. "Excuse me," he said to right; "Excuse me," he said to left, as the vehicle lumbered on, to the trot of its iron-gray horses, along that boulevard of artists, small capitalists, and workmen, where innumerable booths filled with bric-à-brac offer thousands of engravings and busts meant to immortalize the first Emperor. Oh! the cruel irony of the end of glory!

However, the man with the satchel

*From *Pastels of Men*. By Paul Bourget. Copyright, 1890, by Little, Brown & Co.

settled himself down as best he could, and proceeded to open that serviceable article, now in the last stage of its usefulness. He took out of it some thirty sheets of paper, all folded in the middle and at the side. From the pocket of his overcoat, coarsely bound with braid around the sleeves and greasy at the collar, he drew a pencil; then he shoved his hat—a tall one as destitute of springs as it was of nap—somewhat back upon his head. His hair was over-long and his beard unkempt. His heavy boots were splashed with mud, his trousers wobbled at the knee, his black cravat was wisped around a paper collar which poorly imitated linen. The inkspots on his right hand proved the recent use of a pen, and as he turned those thirty pages, one by one, and his pencil marked thereon certain cabalistic signs, the inquisitive eyes in the tram-car (if there were any) might have read the words: "Seminary Vanaboste. Latin Versions."

The man with the satchel is that most melancholy of the learned species—a teacher at large.

He is only fifty-two years old, this poor professor. You would think him sixty, so visible on his person are the signs of a lifelong, continual, unescapable exhaustion. Fancy: he was up at five o'clock this morning—noiselessly, not to wake his wife. He dressed in the dark, using the only washbasin, the sole bit of soap, and the one comb of the household. Before six o'clock he had gone on foot from the Avenue des Gobelins, where he lives for cheapness, to a school in the Rue de la Vieille-Estrapade. From six to half-past seven he helped certain pupils who attend the Lyceum of Louis-le-Grand, to prepare their lessons and write their exercises. By eight he was sitting in his place at the Seminary Vanaboste, recently transferred, when its prospects bettered, to a house in the Rue de

la Mantagne-Sainte Geneviève, "between court and garden," as the prospectus proudly states, omitting to mention that the garden consists of a square bit of ground the size of a handkerchief, where three sickly acacias are trying to sprout, and the sun never shines, for the reason that the neighboring houses overshadow it. All that the professor has had to eat so far is a penny roll, nibbled as he hurried along the gloomy walls of the Panthéon between two lessons. He will get home about ten o'clock; there he will find four pupils to teach in two lessons lasting till half-past twelve. By three o'clock he had managed to dispatch his breakfast and give another lesson at the Ecole Sainte Cécile, a school for young girls, to which his age admits him. Still five more lessons—three before dinner, two after—before his day's work ends.

The car goes on, stops, starts again, slows up, stops, and starts again, but the professor's pencil keeps steadily on, marking along the margins mysterious signs—*w's* for *wrong*; *ffr's* for *faults of French*; *n's* for *nonsense*, and *f's* (very many *f's*) for *faults of spelling*. All the while that he is thus employed the old galley slave of liberal education is thinking of a new client he has just obtained. His former colleague at the pension Vanaboste, Claude Larcher, now a well-known writer, had induced a Russian lady, who is staying for a short time in Paris, to employ him for an hour four times a week to give lessons to a sickly little boy—much too pale, and extremely gentle—who is only allowed to read a very little and write under dictation; and for this hour he is to receive thirty francs! Was ever an ambulant professor paid like that? In consequence thereof he is nursing a dream. Yes he will profit by this amazing opportunity to lay by a little sum, enough to gratify a desire which has stayed by him for twenty-seven

years of married life—the desire, namely, for a holiday of two weeks by the seashore with his wife. He has never yet been able to have it; his expenses are so heavy; he has had to work so hard. At nineteen years of age, having failed to enter the *Ecole Normale*, he became an usher in a school for the purpose of obtaining his license. As soon as he was licensed he married the daughter of one of his colleagues; then there was the furniture to buy; and then came the first child, then the second, then a third, then a fourth, and all to bring up. At the present time his two daughters are married; one to a merchant, the other to a lawyer—two of his former pupils. As he could not give them a *dot*, he pledged himself, in their marriage contract, to pay a thousand francs a year to each—two thousand francs to meet annually. Of his two boys, one had been graduated from Saint-Cyr this very year, and the father was allowing him another thousand francs. The mother had instigated this allowance so that no feeling of injustice might exist. Also, there was, somewhere in the provinces, a superannuated aunt, who would die of hunger without the three hundred francs which the professor sends her yearly; besides which he has taken to his home the mother of his wife. These things count up; and the professor does not earn, on an average, more than four francs a lesson—usually three, sometimes four, less often six, and rarely seven. The Russian lady's offer was an undreamed-of windfall—all the more fortunate because the Montparnasse tramway would enable him to

go to his pupil and return for sixty centimes; and without losing much time, thanks—as he said—to the system of rails which prevented jolting, and allowed him to correct his exercises.

So his face wears a beaming smile—that good, old “H²O,” as the Vanaboste pupils called him—making fun of his personal untidiness by dubbing him with the chemical formula of water. He cares little, dear man, that his neighbors elbow him, or that the other passengers are eyeing with contempt and ridicule himself and his hat, his bag and his manuscripts. All that he sees is a little corner of a beach in Normandy (imagined from a sketch in an illustrated newspaper, for he has never been out of Paris). He sees the ocean; he sees “mamma” (that's his wife) sitting among the shells at the edge of the waves, *purpureum mare*, as his dear Virgil hath it. And when that lumbering car, after crossing the Seine and plodding its way up the long dull Marceau avenue, stops at the Arch, it is with a sprightly air and manner that he skips along the pavement to the gate of a mansion in the Rue Bel-Respiro hired, ready furnished, by the Russian great lady, the mother of his pupil. He forgets to wipe his feet before he enters, and the porter in livery who announces him, as he does a tradesman, by two rings of the bell, remarks to the footman, who slowly obeys the summons:

“That's a nice way to earn money without doing anything; he won't even pay for a cab, to come here clean—beggarly old hunks!”

Ah, the dear man!

THE TRANSMISSION OF DR. JOHNSON'S PERSONALITY.*

Dr. Johnson's case is, in the main, that of a personality transmitted to us by means of a great biography. It comes down to us through Boswell. To praise Boswell is superfluous. His method was natural and, therefore, I need not add, intensely original. He had always floating through his fuddled brain a great ideal of portraiture. Johnson himself, though he does not seem to have had any confidence in his disciple, preferring to appoint the unclubable Hawkins his literary executor, nevertheless furnished Boswell with hints and valuable directions; but the credit is all Boswell's, whose one aim was to make his man live. To do this he was prepared, like a true artist, to sacrifice everything. The proprieties did not exist for him. Then, what a free hand he had! Johnson left neither wife nor child. I don't suppose Black Frank, Johnson's servant and residuary legatee, ever read a line of the "Biography." There was no daughter married to a country squire to put her pen through the fact that Johnson's father kept a bookstall. There was no grandson in the Church to water down the witticisms that have reverberated through the world. He was tendered plenty of bad advice. He coarsely rejected it. Miss Hannah More besought his tenderness "for our virtuous and most revered departed friend; I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities." To which Boswell replied that he would not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody.

The excellent Bishop Percy humbly requested Boswell that his (the Bishop's) name might be suppressed in the

pages of the forthcoming "Biography." To him, Boswell—"As to suppressing your lordship's name, I will do anything to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. Believe me, my lord, you are not the only Bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. *I am resolute as to this matter.*"

This sets me thinking of the many delightful pages of the great "Biography" in which the name of Percy occurs, in circumstances to which one can understand the Bishop objecting. So absurd a creature is man, particularly what Carlyle used to call shovel-hatted man.

How easily might the greatest of our biographies have been whittled away to nothing—to the dull ineptitudes with which we are all familiar, but for the glorious intrepidity of Boswell, who, if he did not practice the whole duty of man, at least performed the whole duty of biographer.

As a means of transmitting personality memoirs rank high. Here we have Miss Burney's "Memoirs" to help us, and richly do they repay study; and Mrs. Thrale's marvellous collection of anecdotes, sparkling with womanly malice. Less deserving of notice are the volumes of Miss Anna Seward's correspondence, edited by Sir Walter Scott, who did not choose for their motto, as he fairly might have done, Sir Toby Belch's famous observation to that superlative fool, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink though thou write with a goose-pen—no matter."

But whether we read the "Biography" or the "Memoirs," it cannot escape our notice that Johnson's person-

* By Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. From Johnson Club Papers. By Various Hands. With frontispiece and several illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin.

ality has been transmitted to us chiefly by a record of his *talk*.

It is a perilous foundation on which to build a reputation, for it rests upon the frail testimony of human memory and human accuracy. How comes it that we are all well persuaded that Boswell and the rest of the recorders did not invent Johnson's talk, but that it has come down to us bearing his veritable image and superscription? It is sometimes lightly said that had we records of other men's talk it would be as good as Johnson's. It is Boswells who are the real want. This I deny.

To be a great table-talker—and be it borne in mind a great deal of what is sometimes called table-talk is not table-talk at all, but extracts from commonplace books and carefully doctored notes—you must have *first*, a *marked* and *constant* character, and, *second*, the gift of characteristic expression, so as to stamp all your utterances, however varied, however flatly contradictory one with another, with certain recognizable and ever-present marks or notes. The great Duke of Wellington possessed these qualifications, and consequently, though his conversation, as recorded by Lord Stanhope and others, is painfully restricted in its range of subject, and his character is lacking in charm, it is always interesting and sometimes remarkable. All the stories about Wellington are characteristic, and so are all the stories about Johnson. They all fit in with our conception of the character of the man about whom they are told, and

thus strengthen and confirm that unity of impression which is essential if personality is to be transmitted down the ages.

The last story of Johnson I stumbled across is in a little book called "A Book for a Rainy Day," written by an old gentleman called Smith, the author of a well-known life of Nollekens, the sculptor, a biography written with a vein of causticity some have attributed to the fact that the biographer was not also a legatee. Boswell, thank heaven, was above such considerations. He was not so much as mentioned in his great friend's will. The hated Hawkins was preferred to him; Hawkins, who wrote the authorized "Life of Johnson," in which Boswell's name is only mentioned once, in a foot-note. But to return to Mr. Smith. In this book of his he records: "I once saw Johnson follow a sturdy thief who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then, with his open hand, gave him so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering."

Now, in this anecdote of undoubted authenticity, Johnson said nothing whatever, he fired off no epigram, thundered no abuse, and yet the story is as characteristic as his famous encounter with the Thames bargee.

You must have the character first, and the talk comes afterwards. It is the old story: anybody can write like Shakespeare, if he has the mind.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

There has been recently published in London, with a considerable flourish of satisfaction, what purported to be two posthumous romances by Alexandre Dumas, *père*, never before printed. The

title of one is "The Snow on Shah-Dagh," and of the other "Ammal at Bey." The Academy, however, has discovered that neither story is new, but that both are contained in the 297-

volume edition of Dumas's writings published by Michael L  vy. The first is there called "*La Boule de Neige*," and the second "*Sultanetta*."

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts has finished a romance entitled "*The Heart of the Ancient Wood*," which we take to be the third volume in the series which was introduced with "*The Forge in the Forest*," and continued with "*A Sister to Evangeline*." If it is as good as its predecessors it should find a cordial welcome.

A curious illustration of the duplication of themes by contemporary writers is found in a book just completed by Professor Goldwin Smith, under the title "*Shakespeare the Man*," which traverses the same ground, and has apparently precisely the same object, as Mr. Frank Harris's papers from the *Saturday Review*, which are about to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

The *New York Evening Post* wittily remarks that a collected edition of the writings of an author used to be the literary equivalent to the rite of extreme unction, but we have changed all that; and the latest contemporary and still-producing author to be presented in this way is Mr. Stockton, whose books are being issued by the Scribners in an extremely attractive edition.

The sudden interest which the Spanish language has come to have for progressive Americans is again illustrated in the publication of a text-book, or, more correctly, a "reader" in Spanish, entitled "*Doce Cuentos Escogidos*." The editor, C. Fontaine, is in charge of Spanish and French instruction in the high schools at Washington, and this volume has been practically tested in his classes. W. R. Jenkins, publisher.

Josiah Flynt and Alfred Hodder are collaborating upon a series of stories of the life of thieves. Mr. Hodder furnishes the imagination, and Mr. Flynt the facts. It is always open to question whether such tales do not do more harm than good, but in this instance they are reasonably sure, at least, to be well told.

A peculiar book, which purports to be the account of the discovery of an ancient Buddhist manuscript, is "*The Unknown Life of Christ*," written by the one who claims to have made the discovery, Nicolas Notovitch, and translated from the French by Alexina Loranger. The hypothetical Buddhist manuscript gives facts and precepts connected with the life of a certain Saint Issa, about whose identity with Jesus Christ the reader is urged to raise no question. Rand, McNally & Co. are the publishers.

An English inspector of reformatory schools tells a little tale which would have amused Thackeray. One of his wards who had secured a place at Charterhouse as a page wrote back to his former superintendent:

"The young gentlemen here are not made to be half so careful about their h's as you used to make us. After supper the master calls over their names, and each boy answers, 'Ad some.'"

This was his version of Col. Newcome's famous "Adsum."

Mr. Ford's "*Janice Meredith*," of which Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers, has not only sold by the ten thousand copies at a rate which has kept the presses busy, but has already reached the dignity of an illustrated edition. Another book which has had a large and immediate success is Mrs. Burnett's novel, "*The De Willoughby Claim*." The first edition was oversold before publication, and there has been

an active demand for it ever since. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

The principal alterations in the English law of copyright, foreshadowed in the new Copyright Bill, are:—

1. A term of thirty years from the date of publication is, in the case of posthumous works, substituted for the term of forty-two years under the existing law.

2. Contributors of articles to periodicals may republish them in a separate form after two years from the time of their appearance in the periodical, instead of after twenty-eight years, as under the present law.

3. Any newspaper receiving special and independent news of any fact or event from beyond the limits of the British Islands will enjoy copyright in that news for the space of eighteen hours.

The London Academy has started a symposium upon the question whether copyright ought to be materially extended, or even made perpetual. The authors, whose opinion it has asked, are by no means unanimous in favoring a longer copyright. Witness Mr. G. B. Shaw, who writes with emphasis:

Considering that an inventor who enriches the world is granted patent rights for fourteen years only, it is not clear why an author, who possibly debauches it, should get from thirty to over one hundred years copyright. The present term is too long, except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the courts. If the descendants of authors want copyrights, they can earn them by writing books.

There are comparatively few easily-accessible volumes that cover the period of History dealt with in Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's new book, "Judea, from Cyrus to Titus." This volume is one of unusual interest, not only to the

general reader, but especially to students of history and Scripture. It is written in clear graphic narrative fashion, and the leading events of six hundred years of Jewish history are grouped about the central figures of the men who shaped them. Studies of the times, the character and the work of such men as Ezra the Reformer, Nehemiah Judas Maccabaeus, Cyrus, Alexander and many others of like dignity give value to the book. A. C. McClurg & Co. are the publishers.

Early editions of Mr. Kipling's writings continue to bring high prices at London auction sales. Among other material recently disposed of in this way was a file of the *Week's News*, published at Alahabad, including the numbers from January 7 to September 16, 1888. Each of these papers contained a short story by Mr. Kipling. Some of these have never been reprinted, and there seems reason to apprehend that the purchaser of them may contemplate putting them into a volume, against which Mr. Kipling has no copyright protection, and the reading public no redress.

Treading on Dumas's ground is apt to be a perilous enterprise. Yet a writer so evidently fascinated by the picturesque details of Cardinal Mazarin's time as is James Eugene Farmer, the author of "*The Grand Mademoiselle*," need not be too much daunted by the fear of unfair comparisons. This story, whose central figure is Mlle. de Montpensier, the granddaughter of Henry IV, is lively and full of action, with the recklessness of the period, the gay swinging rhymes, the adroitly-turned toasts and the flash of swords decidedly prominent. The hero is the Count de Lannoy, who tells his tale in autobiographical fashion, as is the custom of heroes at present. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Archibald Malmaison. By Julian Hawthorne. Funk & Wagnalls-Co. Price \$1.25.
- Burr, Aaron. The Beacon Biographies. By Henry F. Merwin. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$0.75.
- Civil War, History of the. By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$2.25.
- Doce Cuentos Escogidos. Edited for Class Use by C. Fontaine. William R. Jenkins. Price \$0.50.
- Epistles from Old Lands, New. By David Gregg. E. B. Treat & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Evangelism, The New. By Henry Drummond. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Douglas, Frederick. The Beacon Biographies. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$0.75.
- Four-Masted Cat-Boat, The. By Charles Battell Loomis. The Century Co. Price \$1.25.
- Grand Mademoiselle, The. By James Eugene Farmer. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Honey-Makers, The. By Margaret Warner Morley. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- How Much is Left? By Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- John Brown. The Beacon Biographies. By Joseph Edgar Chamberlain. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$0.75.
- Judea from Cyrus to Titus. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$2.50.
- Luther Strong. By Thomas J. Vivian. R. F. Fenno & Co.
- Mistress Fenwick. By Dutton Payne. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Music and the Comrade Arts. By Hugh A. Clarke. Silver, Burdett & Co.
- Negro, American, The Future of. By Booker T. Washington. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Old Book and the Old Faith, The. By Robert Stuart MacArthur. E. B. Treat & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Old Things and New. By Sara Hammond Palfrey. W. B. Clarke & Co.
- Opera, Guide to the, A. By Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Queen's Twin, The, and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Reminiscences. By Julia Ward Howe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.50.
- Revolutionist, Memoirs of a. By P. Kropotkin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Science, Century of, A. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Shameless Wayne. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Sparks and Flames. By Henry Wilson Stratton. M. F. Mansfield & A. Wesels. Price \$1.25.
- Stephen the Black. By Caroline H. Pemberton. George W. Jacobs & Co. Price \$1.00.
- South, The Empire of the: Its Resources, Industries and Resorts. By Frank Presbey. Published by the Southern Railway Company.
- Surface of Things, The. By Charles Waldstein. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Sweet Little Maid, A. By Amy E. Blanchard. George W. Jacobs & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Sword of Justice, The. By Sheppard Stevens. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Tales of an Old Chateau. By Marguerite Bouvet. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- United States, Territorial Acquisitions of, The. By Edward Bicknell. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$0.80.
- Wife of His Youth, The. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Wine on the Lees. By J. A. Steuart. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.